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In the Day of Battle

POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR

SELECTED BY

CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

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In the Day of Battle

POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR

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CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1916

The profits from the sale of this book are to be given to the King George and Queen Mary Maple Leaf Club in London, which welcomes and makes comfortable Canadian soldiers from the Front.

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CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO THE MEN FROM THE NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST WHO HAVE HASTENED TO "RAISE THE TRUMPET FROM THE DUST," AND TO THE BRAVE WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE'S URGENT NEED.

NOTE

This selection of poems inspired by the Great War is made possible through the courtesy of the authors and publishers, who have cordially co-operated with me in this undertaking in aid of relief work for Canadian soldiers.

CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

FOREWORD

AMONG the books inspired by the war, few need less apology than those of which this little volume is representative, compilations of the more or less fugitive verse appearing at various stages of the struggle in journals, and then perhaps carried off into oblivion by some wind of great events. A compilation captures the winged words and treasures them. It deserves to have an honoured place in the long array of more formidable volumes, for it is undeniable that among the minor results of the Great War is a vast output of war literature. Volumes of history, theory and prophecy weigh down our shelves, pamphlets cover our tables "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." Among these latter is one on Poetry and War by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Sir Herbert Warren, and at the head of his paper we find the suggestive old lines of Samuel Daniel:

> What good is like to this—
> To do worthy the writing, and to write
> Worthy the reading and the world's delight?

It is a good motto and sets us thinking of one aspect of this extraordinary epoch of which the end is not yet, namely the relation of its literature to its action. Of deeds worthy the writing we have no lack, of writing

to match those deeds we have quantity indeed, but how much of it will long be held worthy the reading and the world's delight?

The question must remain as yet unsettled. Here, as in other sections of the huge historic field, there has been controversy. Most of the critics who have considered the poetry of the war have expressed something less than enthusiasm. A learned writer in the *Times* tries to account for the lack of first-rate quality by saying that the time is not yet ripe for poetical expression. His text is Wordsworth's famous saying that poetry is "Emotion recollected in tranquillity." It sounds a plausible theory, but close upon its publication comes the keen utterance of Mr. Punch, prompt to put his finger upon a fallacy. "Of course war songs are never written during the white heat of war time," says, in effect, this clear-eyed satirist; "that is why the Marseillaise has never been produced."

We who are readers and not writers may well leave theories alone and ponder thankfully the verse which the war period has produced and is still producing. And for such pondering the present volume gives us much material, put before us in convenient and attractive form. Many of its pieces will certainly live in the popular memory long after the war, and some few will be enshrined in the treasuries of national literature, side by side with the immortal songs of old.

It is undeniable that there are aspects of this colossal strife to which no poet has as yet done justice. It would need a giant of poesy to rise to the height of its great argument. Not to mention innumerable exploits worthy of Shaksperian treatment, the great drama

perpetually playing in the air yet fails of adequate presentation in poetic words. The moral issues have drawn much ink, yet it can hardly be said that the inevitable word has been uttered. Belgium and France, Serbia and Poland have had melodious tears shed for their blood-drenched fields, yet they wail for a mourner whose passionate lament shall cry to heaven and sound through the ages like Milton's for the Piedmontese.

It is worthy of note that some of the finest of the war pieces are not those which voice the bugle note of actual conflict, but those which sound the deeper chord of their intense and ideal patriotism which alone can justify war. In the lyrics of Alfred Noyes, the glorious sonnets of Rupert Brooke, and in the verse of many a humbler rhymster there breathes the same ideal. England and Truth, England and Humanity, England and Freedom—these are great battle-cries, and it is well for us that they should be set to music once again.

This little book comes from a Canadian publishing house for circulation in Canada. Some few of the pieces are by Canadian writers. In its way it may symbolize the part which Canada has been privileged to play in the tremendous drama. Gorgeous tragedy with sceptred pall has come sweeping by once more, through a world which was becoming forgetful of her power, and into her train she has swept us all. From peaceful Canadian farms and mines and cities and villages she has drawn her followers, and many of them she will never permit to return.

That bitter sentence, "never to return," is so branded into the consciousness of many of us to-day that it is

difficult to see beyond it. Yet it must not be the last thought of those who work or wail, nor will it be the last word of the war poets. Canada, which heard some harsh criticism of her sons in the early days of warfare, now listens with sorrowful pride while friend and enemy tell her that they know how to die. Canada, smarting under the humiliating knowledge that her domestic history is not free from corrupting stains, may well find a new inspiration giving promise of a fairer day in the deeds of her battalions abroad. With undying pride the country must now cherish the memory of that shining army of youths who will never be old, who at the call of a cause and under the ancient banners of their race, "poured out the red sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be of hope and joy."

And the task is still unfinished, and others must follow where they have led. A Canadian poet voices their solemn charge:

> Take up our quarrel with the foe:
> To you from failing hands we throw
> The torch; be yours to hold it high.
> If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
> In Flanders fields.

SUSAN E. CAMERON.

Royal Victoria College,
McGill University.

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IN THE DAY OF BATTLE

CANADA TO ENGLAND.

GREAT names of thy great captains gone before
Beat with our blood, who have that blood of thee:
Raleigh and Grenville, Wolfe, and all the free,
Fine souls who dared to front a world in war.
Such only may outreach the envious years,
Where feebler crowns and fainter stars remove;
Nurtured in one remembrance and one love,
Too high for passion and too stern for tears.

O! little isle our fathers held for home,
Not, not alone thy standards and thy hosts
Lead where thy sons shall follow, Mother Land:
Quick as the north wind, ardent as the foam,
Behold, behold the invulnerable ghosts
Of all past greatnesses about thee stand.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

The Times.

THE TRUMPET.

THY trumpet lies in the dust,
The wind is weary, the light is dead. Ah, the evil day!
Come, fighters, carrying your flags, and singers with your songs!
Come, pilgrims, hurrying on your journey!
The trumpet lies in the dust waiting for us.

I was on the way to the temple with my evening offerings,
Seeking for the heaven of rest after the day's dusty toil;
Hoping my hurts would be healed and stains in my garments washed white,
When I found thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Has it not been the time for me to light my lamp?
Has the evening not come to bring me sleep?
O, thou blood-red rose, where have my poppies faded?
I was certain my wanderings were over and my debts all paid,
When suddenly I came upon thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Strike my drowsy heart with thy spell of youth!
Let my joy in life blaze up in fire.
Let the shafts of awakening fly, piercing the heart of night, and a thrill of dread shake the palsied blindness,
I have come to raise thy trumpet from the dust.

Sleep is no more for me—my walk shall be through showers of arrows.
Some shall run out of their houses and come to my side—some shall weep,
Some in their beds shall toss and groan in dire dreams:
For to-night thy trumpet shall be sounded.

From thee I had asked peace, only to find shame.
Now I stand before thee—help me to don my armour!
Let hard blows of trouble strike fire into my life.
Let my heart beat in pain—beating the drum of thy victory.
My hands shall be utterly emptied to take up thy trumpet.

Rabindranath Tagore.

The Times.

THE VIGIL.

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine;
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.

Now, before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Hast thou counted up the cost,
 What to foeman, what to friend?
Glory sought is Honour lost,
 How should this be knighthood's end?
Knowst thou what is Hatred's meed?
What the surest gain of Greed?
England! wilt thou dare to-night
Pray that God defend the Right?

Single-hearted, unafraid,
 Hither all thy heroes came;
On this altar's steps were laid
 Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou, when morning comes,
 Rise to conquer or to fall;
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
 Joyful hear the trumpet call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
"England! what thou wert thou art!"
Gird thee with thy ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the Right!

Sir Henry Newbolt.

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS,

Of Kandahar and Pretoria.

(Born, 1832. Died on service at the Front, November 14th, 1914.)

He died as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of England in his latest prayer;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
A courage still unspent.

So was his end; and, in that hour, across
The face of War a wind of silence blew;
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?
What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,
Would he have held most dear?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft;
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain;
Not pride of that high record he has left,
Peerless and pure of stain;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served; a pledge above his grave
To give her even such a gift as he,
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,
And through the mist the guns he loved so well
Thunder a last salute!

Sir Owen Seaman.

By special permission of *Punch.*

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER.

(Born, June 24th, 1850. Died on service, June 5th, 1916.)

Soldier of England, you who served her well
And in that service, silent and apart,
Achieved a name that never lost its spell
Over your country's heart;—

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length
Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength
That kept its manhood's prime;—

Great was your life, and great the end you made,
As through the plunging seas that whelmed your head
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,
To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away
That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day
A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true
Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free,
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew
But might not live to see.

Sir Owen Seaman.

By special permission of *Punch*.

KITCHENER'S MARCH.

Nor the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, raise your hero's cairn!
He is worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While a heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife.
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

Amelia Josephine Burr.

Reprinted from "Life and Living."
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PRO PATRIA.

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go,
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought:
But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;
But by the seal to which you set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait,
High hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For other's greater need;

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;

This be our part, for thus we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,
You warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

Sir Owen Seaman.

By special permission of *Punch*.

BELGIUM.

HEART-STRUCK she stands—Our Lady of all Sorrows—
Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze;
Facing the shadow of her dark to-morrows,
Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

Yet is she queen, by every royal token,
There, where the storm of desolation swirled;
Crowned only with the thorn—despoiled and broken—
Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendour,
She rose like flame upon the darkened ways;
So, through the anguish of her proud surrender
Breaks the clear vision of undying praise.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

The Nation (New York).

THE BELGIAN FLAG.

Red for the blood of soldiers,
 Black, yellow and red—
Black for the tears of mothers,
 Black, yellow and red—
And yellow for the light and flame
 Of the fields where the blood is shed!

To the glorious flag, my children,
 Hark! the call your country gives,
To the flag in serried order!
 He who dies for Belgium lives!

Red for the purple of heroes,
 Black, yellow and red—
Black for the veils of widows,
 Black, yellow and red—
And yellow for the shining crown
 Of the victors who have bled!

To the flag, the flag, my children,
 Hearken to your country's cry!
Never has it shone so splendid,
 Never has it flown so high!

Red for the flames in fury,
 Black, yellow and red—
Black for the mourning ashes,
 Black, yellow and red—
And yellow of gold, as we proudly hail
 The spirits of the dead!

To the flag, my sons! Your country
With her blessing "Forward!" cries.
Has it shrunken? No, when smallest,
Larger, statelier, it flies!
Is it tattered? No, 'tis stoutest
When destruction it defies!

Emile Cammaerts.

From "War Poems and Other Translations," by Lord Curzon.

THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

Oh, English women! see our country's dying;
Her lifeblood from her gaping wounds is sighing,
Her bitter wrongs to God for vengeance crying!

The Iron Hand has struck, but in the smiting
Its own dishonour on the wall is writing,
And Belgium's funeral pyre the world is lighting.

If we had failed or shrunk before the paying,
If we had saved our dearest from the slaying,
What price had you not paid for the delaying?

Oh, mothers! who your man-grown sons are keeping,
Oh, fathers! to the patriot's duty sleeping,
Oh, lovers! at the thought of parting, weeping,
Awake and give us men to do our reaping!

Mary Booth.

The Queen.

RESURGAM.

Liège, Louvain, Malines, Alost—
Like tolling of a churchbell slow,
As deep, as soft, the sweet names flow—
Liège, Louvain, Malines, Alost.

Martyred with flames that swept away
Thy glories, doomed Liège, to-day
Thy voice is heard—"Think not that I
In my consumèd body die!
I shall arise, for strong and whole
Survives a conquered people's soul."
And comes the echo, tolling slow,
From dark Malines and lost Alost,
That failed not on their kindled pyre;
While proud Louvain, the heart's desire,
In bitter ruin laid,
With words by pain unmuted, cries:
"Lo! Belgium's life but sleeping lies,
Be ye who love her undismayed,
She will awake and rise!"

Liège, Louvain, Malines, Alost—
While man shall love and pity know,
Like saints' names murmured, these shall flow—
Liège, Louvain, Malines, Alost.

Agnes Kendrick Gray.

Boston *Transcript.*

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD.

(Seen from the train.)

I saw the spires of Oxford
 As I was passing by.
The gray spires of Oxford
 Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
 Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
 The golden years and gay.
The hoary Colleges look down
 On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
 They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
 The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
 To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
 For country and for God.

God rest you happy, gentlemen,
 Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
 Than even Oxford town.

W. M. Letts.

Westminster Gazette.

THE *ORION'S* FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL.

All wind and rain, the clouds fled fast across the evening sky—
Whitehall a-glimmer like a beach the tide has scarce left dry;
And there I saw the figurehead which once did grace the bow
Of the old bold *Orion,*
The fighting old *Orion,*
In the days that are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all of those great fights of old,
And ships from out whose oaken sides Trafalgar's thunder rolled;
There was *Ajax, Neptune, Téméraire, Revenge, Leviathan,*
With the old bold *Orion,*
The fighting old *Orion,*
When *Victory* led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now; but still the names they bore
And still the hearts that manned them live to sail the seas once more;
To sail and fight, and watch and ward, and strike as stout a blow
As the old bold *Orion,*
The fighting old *Orion,*
In the wars of long ago.

They watch, the gaunt gray fighting ships, in silence
bleak and stern;
They wait—not yet, not yet has dawned the day for
which they burn!
They're watching, waiting for the word that sets their
thunders free,
Like the old bold *Orion,*
The fighting old *Orion,*
When Nelson sailed the sea.

Oh! waiting is a weary game, but Nelson played it too,
And, be it late or be it soon, such deeds are yet to do
As never your starry namesake saw who walked the
midnight sky—
Old bold *Orion,*
Fighting old *Orion,*
Of the great old years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game, we'll play it with the
best;
Or be the game a watching game, we'll watch and never
rest;
But the fighting game it pays for all when the guns
begin to play
(Old bold *Orion,*
Fighting old *Orion*)
Like the guns of yesterday.

C. Fox-Smith.

By special permission of *Punch.*

THE SEARCHLIGHTS.

(Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State.—*General von Bernhardi.*)

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight
The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Night-long their level shafts of light
Revolve, and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep:
But over all its waves, once more,
The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise, and call us, and we come;
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry;
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride;
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died;
The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night,
These level swords of light can pierce;
Yet for her faith does England fight,
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law;

The law that rules the stars, our stay,
Our compass through the world's wide sea,
The one sure light, the one sure way,
The one firm base of Liberty;
The one firm road that men have trod
Through Chaos to the throne of God.

Therefore a Power above the State,
The unconquerable Power returns;
The fire, the fire that made her great
Once more upon her altar burns;
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

Alfred Noyes.

By special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

FALL 'IN.

WHAT will you lack, sonny, what will you lack
When the girls line up the street,
Shouting their love to the lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky
And grin till your cheeks are red?
But what will you lack when your mate goes by
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look
When your children yet to be
Clamour to learn of the part you took
In the War that kept men free?
Will you say it was naught to you if France
Stood up to her foe or bunked?
But where will you look when they give the glance
That tells you they know you funked?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare
In the far-off winter night,
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair
And your neighbours talk of the fight?
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,
Your old head shamed and bent?
Or say—I was not with the first to go,
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call
For men who are brave and strong?
Is it naught to you if your country fall,
And Right is smashed by Wrong?
Is it football still and the picture-show,
The pub and the betting odds,
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow
And England's call is God's?

Harold Begbie.

Daily Chronicle.

THE GUNBOAT.

Out in the good clean water, where it's blue and wide
and deep,
The pride of Britain's navy lies with thunders all
asleep;
And the men they fling their British songs along the
open sky,
But the little modest gunboat, she's a-creepin' in to die!

The first line's swingin' lazy on the purple outer ring,
The proudest ships that ever kept the honour of a king!
But nosin' down the roadway past the bones of other
wrecks,
Goes the doughty little gunboat with her manhood on
her decks!

Oh! the first line's in the offing, with its shotted light-
nings pent,
The proudest fleet that ever kept the King his sacra-
ment!
But down the deathsome harbour, where a ship may
find her grave,
The plucky little gunboat is a-sinkin' 'neath the wave!

Then sing your British chanteys to the ends of all the
seas,
And fling your British banners to the Seven Oceans'
breeze—
But when you tell the gallant tale beneath the open sky,
Give honour to the gunboat that was not too small to
die!

Dana Burnet.

Published by Harper and Bros.

CALLED UP.

Come, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's
a-looming!
Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the guns they are
a-booming!
'Tis a longish line of battle, such as we did never see;
An' 'tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by
you an' me!

What see'st thou, Sir Francis?—Strange things I see
appearing!
What hearest thou, Sir Francis—Strange sounds I do
be hearing!
They are fighting in the heavens; they're at war beneath
the sea!
Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o'
you an' me!

See'st thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I see great lights
a-seeking!
Hearest thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I hear thin
wires a-speaking!
Three leagues that shot hath carried!—God, that such
could ever be!
There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson—they ha' done
wi' you an' me!

Look thou again, Sir Francis!—I see the flags a-flap-
ping!
Hearken once more, Sir Francis!—I hear the sticks
a-tapping!

'Tis a sight that calls me thither!—Tis a sound that bids me "come!"
'Tis the old Trafalgar signal!—'Tis the beating of my drum!

Art thou ready, good Sir Francis?—See they wait upon the quay!
Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they ha' thought of you an' me!

Dudley Clark.

The Times.

THE YOUNGER SON.

THE younger son has earned his bread in ways both hard and easy,
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi;
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough to rest.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha' thought of meeting you?
Thought you were in Turkestan, or China or Peru!"—
It's a long trail in peace time where the roving Britons stray,
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's left the bronchos to be bust by who in thunder chooses;
He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's cabooses;

He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick
and plough,
For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs
him now.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the
world been using you?
What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"
It's a long trail in peace time where the roving Britons
stray,
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here
and yonder,
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide
to wander,
For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life
is best,
And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time
enough to rest.

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long fare-
well to you,
(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuctoo!)
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,
When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to rest.

C. Fox-Smith.

By special permission of *Punch.*

NON-COMBATANT.

Before one drop of angry blood was shed
I was sore hurt and beaten to my knee;
Before one fighting man reeled back and died
The War-Lords struck at me.

They struck me down—an idle, useless mouth,
As cumbrous—nay, more cumbrous—than the dead;
With life and heart afire to give and give,
I take a dole instead.

With life and heart afire to give and give,
I take and eat the bread of charity;
In all the length of all this eager land
No man has need of me.

That is my hurt—my burning, beating wound;
That is the spear-thrust driven through my pride!
With aimless hands, and mouth that must be fed,
I wait and stand aside.

Let me endure it, then, with stiffened lip:
I, even I, have suffered in the strife!
Let me endure it, then—I give my pride
Where others give a life.

Cicely Hamilton.

Westminster Gazette.

HIS ONLY WAY.

I stood to-day high on the downs
 And talked long with a shepherd lad;
I found him pondering by his sheep,
 Motionless, staring-eyed, and sad.

But, leaning on his Pyecombe crook—
 Long polished by his father's hand—
He told, with slow-tongued eagerness,
 This love-tale of his Sussex land:

"Me and my mate, Dick, loved a girl,
 But he was always down at plough,
And in and out the village, like,
 And—well, he 'listed, anyhow;

"While I bides up here 'long me sheep;
 And our girl, though she liked us two
Equal it seemed, she took his ring—
 As, sure, she'd right enough to do.

"Well, Dick, he fought and met his death,
 Somewheres in Flanders, so 'tis said;
And I can't go to her, I feels,
 Because of Dick there lying dead.

"They do tell she gets pine and thin,
 And mopes and mourns that bitterly,
But I can't go and say a word,
 Because he died for her, you see.

"And day by day I sees it more—
I've pieced it all out clear and plain—
As I must go like Dick has gone,
Afore I looks at her again.

"Old wall-eyed Bob, there, 'll pine awhile
And listen, maybe, for my call;
And master he'll be proper mad,
With lambing coming on and all.

"But there 'tis, and there ain't two ways;
He went, and 'tis the only thing;
Else I shall grow to hate the hill,
And get ashamed o' shepherding.

"That there's her window down below,
Aside the copse, where I could see
(It seems a score o' years agone)
Our girl stand waving up to me.

"Come Sunday, then, I'll 'list for sure
(The same as you done, Dick, old lad!);
Then, if I gets back, I can go
Fair, like, and face her proud and glad."

Habberton Lulham.

From "The Other Side of Silence." Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 4 Stationers' Hall Court.

TO ONE WHO TAKES HIS EASE.

Look in your heart! make inquisition there
 Of service done in this supreme of hours—
What sacrifice for England's sake you bear,
 To what high use or humble put your powers!
If, pleading local duty's louder call
 Or weight of years that checks the soaring wing,
You are excused the dearest gift of all,
 What of the next best thing?

No doubt the war has touched you—that we guess,
 And so have some of your importunate friends;
From time to time you post them, when they press,
 A little cheque for charitable ends;
You have reduced your tribute to the hunt,
 Declined to bring the family to Town,
Discharged your second footman to the Front
 And shut a tweeny down.

Hearing that each is bound to do his bit
 In that estate where he is set by Heaven,
You trouble less about your trousers' fit,
 And eat six courses in the place of seven.
Upon your pint of champagne still you count,
 But later drinks you temperately dock
(Because at clubs the alcoholic fount
 Closes at ten o'clock).

A hundred needs cry out to such as you
For willing labour—watches of the night,
Shells to be filled, a turn of work to do,
That sets a good man free to go and fight.
But tasks like these entail a lack of rest,
They put a strain on people's arms and backs;
And you've enough to bear with rents depressed,
And all that super-tax.

Well, if you're satisfied, then all is said;
If, sheltered close and snug, you shirk the blast,
Immune in idleness of hand and head,
False to your cause, disloyal to your caste,
When gallant men from yonder hell of flame
Come back awhile to heal the wounds of war
And find you thus, you'll hear no word of blame,
But they will think the more.

Sir Owen Seaman.

By special permission of *Punch.*

THE NEW SCHOOL.

THE halls that were loud with the merry tread of young and careless feet
Are still with a stillness that is too drear to seem like holiday,
And never a gust of laughter breaks the calm of the dreaming street
Or rises to shake the ivied walls and frighten the doves away.

The dust is on book and on empty desk, and the tennis-racquet and balls
Lie still in their lonely locker and wait for a game that is never played,
And over the study and lecture-room and the river and meadow falls
A stern peace, a strange peace, a peace that War has made.

For many a youthful shoulder now is gay with an epaulet,
And the hand that was deft with a cricket-bat is defter with a sword,
And some of the lads will laugh to-day where the trench is red and wet,
And some will win on the bloody field the accolade of the Lord.

They have taken their youth and mirth away from the study and playing-ground
To a new school in an alien land beneath an alien sky;
Out in the smoke and roar of the fight their lessons and games are found,
And they who were learning how to live are learning how to die.

And after the golden day has come and the war is at an end
A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will tell of the noble dead.

And every name on that radiant list will be the name
of a friend,
A name that shall through the centuries in grateful
prayers be said.

And there will be ghosts in the old school, brave ghosts
with laughing eyes,
On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat, by the stream
with a ghostly rod;
They will touch the hearts of the living with a flame
that sanctifies,
A flame that they took with strong young hands
from the altar-fires of God.

Joyce Kilmer.

Outlook.

THE MAN IN THE TRENCH.

(Written after the great Battle of Ypres.)

CAN you not hear me, young man in the street?
Is it nothing to you who pass by,
Who down the dim-lit ways in thousands roam?
From here I watch you, through the driving sleet,
Under the evening sky,
Hurrying home.
Home! how the word sounds like a bell—
I wonder if you know, as I know well,
That in this trench
Of death and stench
I stand between your home and hell.

I am the roof that shields you from the weather,
I am the gate that keeps the brigand back,
When pillage, fire and murder come together,
I am the wall that saves your home from sack.
Man! when you look upon the girl you prize,
Can you imagine horror in those eyes?
You have not seen, you cannot understand,
This trench is England, all this ruined land
Is where you wander, or field, or strand,
Save for God's grace, and for the guns that rest
Upon this dripping mudbank of the west.
Our blood has stained your threshold—will you stain
Your soul, give nothing and take all our gain?
Why did I come? I ask not nor repent;
Something blazed up inside me and I went.
The khaki fringe is frayed, and now a rent
Needs men—needs men, and I am almost spent.
Night, and the "ready" . . . so sleep well, my
friend . . .
The guns again are going . . . I must stick it to
the end.

James Bernard Fagan.

The Daily Telegraph, Nov., 1914.

THE MESSAGES.*

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

Back from the trenches, more dead than alive,
Stone-deaf and dazed, and with a broken knee,
He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly:

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . .

"Their friends are waiting, wondering how they thrive—
Waiting a word in silence patiently . . .
But what they said or who their friends may be—

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

* This and the following five poems are from "Battle and Other Poems." The Macmillan Co.

BREAKFAST.

We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stainthorpe played full back instead
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head
And cursed, and took the bet—and dropt back dead.
We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

THE RETURN.

He went, and he was gay to go;
And I smiled on him as he went.
My son—'twas well he couldn't know
My darkest dread, nor what it meant—

Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily—
My son . . . and wondering all the while
What stranger would come back to me.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

TO THE MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE.

He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

April 23rd.

HIT.

Out of the sparkling sea
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay
On a low ledge the livelong summer day,
Basking, and watching lazily
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn
Salt in the sun that drenched it through and through,
Till every particle glowed clean and new,
And slowly seemed to turn
To lucent amber in a world of blue . . .
I felt a sudden wrench—
A trickle of warm blood—
And found that I was sprawling in the mud
Among the dead men in the trench.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

THE FATHER.

THAT was his sort,
It didn't matter
What we were at
But he must chatter
Of this and that
His little son
Had said and done:
Till, as he told
The fiftieth time
Without a change
How three-year-old
Prattled a rhyme,
They got the range
And cut him short.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

THE WORD.

THE pain had been sharp—
'Twas an oath on his lips when he died.
Yet, sung to a harp
By an angel, it can't be denied,
The word would sound well;
For within it there lurked his intent,
Not suited to hell,
And in heaven they sing what he meant.

Armel O'Connor.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE LARK.

From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn,
The guns have brayed without abate;
And now the sick sun looks upon
The bleared, blood-beltered fields of hate,
As if it loathed to rise again.
How strange the hush! Yet, sudden, hark!
From yon down-trodden gold of grain,
The leaping rapture of a lark.

A fusillade of melody,
That sprays us from yon trench of sky;
A new amazing enemy
We cannot silence though we try;
A battery on radiant wings,
That from yon gap of golden fleece
Hurls at us hopes of such strange things
As joy and home and love and peace.

Pure heart of song! do you not know
That we are making earth a hell?
Or is it that you try to show
Life still is joy and all is well?
Brave little wings! Ah, not in vain
You beat into that bit of blue:
Lo! we, who drink the dregs of pain,
Lift shining eyes, see Heaven too.

Robert W. Service.

Maclean's Magazine.

SONNEZ! CLAIRONS!

Sonnez, clairons de la Justice:
Clamez au monde épouvanté
Du Kaiser la duplicité;
Pour que, sur lui, s'appesantisse
Le mépris lourd des coeurs bien nés.
Sonnez, clairons de la Justice,
Sonnez!

Sonnez, clairons de la Bataille:
A travers monts, et prés, et bois,
Sonnez, le réveil des Gaulois!
Pour que se ruent, cambrant la taille.
Les jeunes comme leurs aînés,
Sonnez, clairons de la Bataille,
Sonnez! sonnez!

Sonnez, clairons de la Victoire:
Que l'orgueil alsacien-lorrain
Rugisse en votre voix d'airain!
Pour nous rouvrir—ô Joie! ô Gloire!—
Les deux pays abandonnés,
Sonnez, clairons de la Victoire,
Sonnez! Sonnez! Sonnez!

Théodore Botrel,
"Chansonnier des Armées."

From "Les Chants du Bivouac." Librairie Payot et Cie, Paris, 106, Boulevard Saint Germain.

VOILÀ LES "KAKIS."

(Chanson improvisée a la Ferté-milon le 1er septembre, pendant que défilaient les troupes anglaises.)

Sur l'air de la "Polka des Anglais."

I.

Dès l'premier jour de guerre
La loyale Angleterre
Envoyait aux combats
Ses plus vaillants soldats
Conduits par French-le-brave,
Toujours correct et grave,
Ah! qu'ils ont donc bon air
Les guerriers d'Kitchener!

Refrain.

Voilà les "Kakis"
Qui nous ont conquis
Tant ils sont exquis
(*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*)
Lorsque, bravement,
Flegmatiquement,
Ils cogn'nt sur l'Allimand:
Aoh! yès! Very Well!

II.

Froid'ment, comm' sans fatique.
Sur un petit air de gigue
Ils font sauter en l'air
Les soldats du Kaiser;

Et pour rythmer la danse,
Les grands pibroks s'avancent
Qui sont, chacun le sait,
Les binious écossais :

Refrain.

L'Highlander accourt
A notre secours
En p'tit jupon court
(*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*)
Il a, c'est connu,
L'jarret bien tendu :
Ca s'voit à l'oeil nu !
Aoh! yès! Very Well!

III.

Tant et plus qu'on en d'mande
Après les gâs d'Irlande
S'amèn'nt les Canadiens
Qui sont nos petits-cousins ;
En vient d'Alexandrie,
De l'Inde et de l'Australie :
S'il nous en faut toujours
En viendra d'chez les " Bours " !

Refrain.

Ajoutez cu'trois cents
Cuirassés géants
Gard'nt nos Océans
(*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*)

Et croyez, têtus
Qu'l'Allemagne est battue:
L'Kaiser est f. . . . ichu
Aoh! yès! Very Well!

Théodore Botrel,
" Chansonnier des Armées."

From " Les Chants du Bivouac." Librairie Payot et Cie, Paris, 106, Boulevard Saint Germain.

ON GOING INTO ACTION.

Now the weak impulse and the blind desire
Give way at last to the all-conquering will.
Love now must pause, and fancy cease, until
The soul has won that freedom born of fire.
Sing, then, no songs upon the sweet-voiced lyre:
But choose some nobler instrument, whose shrill,
Nerve-bracing notes my doubting heart shall fill
With a new courage that will never tire.
Sing me the dead men's glorious deeds again!
Tell how they suffered, died, but would not fail!
Stir me to action! Let me feel their pain,
Their strength, their mystery:—that at the tale
I rise with such clear purpose in my brain
That even Hell's own gates should not prevail.

H. R. Freston.

(Killed in action in France, Jan. 24th, 1916.)

The Times.

THE MOUTH ORGAN.

OH! there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't no 'Ighland pipers
To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Chapelle and Wipers;
So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the 'eart o' man—
Why, Billy with 'is mouth organ 'e does the best 'e can.

There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns 'ave sent 'em flyin',
An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin' shells acryin';
The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked, and the blackbirds 'ad to flit. . . .
So Billy with 'is mouth organ, 'e ups and does 'is bit.

'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh and soary;
'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloomin' repertory;
But when 'e's played the lot, why then, 'is course is straight and plain,
'E starts at the beginnin' and 'e plays 'em all again!

'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in the trenches;
'E's played 'em to the Gurkhas an' 'e's played 'em to the Frenchies;
'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle deep in slime,
But Billy with 'is mouth organ 'e's at it all the time.
Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may betide 'im,
'E'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is left inside 'im;

And when we march up Potsdam an' goose-step through Berlin,
Why, Billy, with 'is mouth organ, 'e'll play the army in!

C. Fox-Smith.

By special permission of *Punch.*

THE SOLDIER.*

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke.

(Died on a French hospital-ship, on St. George's Day, 1915, and buried on the island of Scyros.)

* This and the following two poems are printed by special permission of the Literary Executor and Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

PEACE.

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Rupert Brooke.

THE DEAD.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Rupert Brooke.

THE LONG DEAD.

Under their stones they lie, in great cathedrals,
dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Under grass they lie, in little churchyards,
dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Far in strange lands they lie, with no sign over them,
dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Under deep seas they lie, lost in sea changes,
pearl and coral.
But they are not there.

From all their places,
their worshipped and their unknown places,
they are gone to where the new comers
give golden shining
above the dark battle.

Helen Mackay.

From "London One November." Published by Andrew Melrose, Ltd.

"DULCE ET DECORUM."

O YOUNG and brave, it is not sweet to die,
To fall and leave no record of the race,
A little dust trod by the passers-by,
Swift feet that press your lonely resting-place;
Your dreams unfinished, and your song unheard—
Who wronged your youth by such a careless word?

All life was sweet—veiled mystery in its smile;
High in your hands you held the brimming cup;
Love waited at your bidding for a while,
Not yet the time to take its challenge up;
Across the sunshine came no faintest breath
To whisper of the tragedy of death.

And then, beneath the soft and shining blue,
Faintly you heard the drum's insistent beat;
The echo of its urgent note you knew,
The shaken earth that told of marching feet;
With quickened breath you heard your country's call,
And from your hands you let the goblet fall.

You snatched the sword, and answered as you went,
For fear your eager feet should be outrun,
And with the flame of your bright youth unspent
Went shouting up the pathway to the sun.
O valiant dead, take comfort where you lie
So sweet to live? Magnificent to die!

Mrs. Robertson Glasgow.

By special permission of *Punch*.

THE FALLEN SUBALTERN.

THE star shells float above, the bayonets glisten;
We bear our fallen friend without a sound;
Below the waiting legions lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

Wound in the flag of England, here we lay him;
The guns will flash and thunder o'er the grave;
What other winding sheet should now array him,
What other music should salute the brave?

As goes the Sun-god in his chariot glorious,
When all his golden banners are unfurled,
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,
And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those who come this way in days hereafter,
Will know that here a boy for England fell,
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,
And on the charge his days were ended well.

One last salute; the bayonets clash and glisten;
With arms reversed we go without a sound:
One more has joined the men who lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

Herbert Asquith.

From "The Volunteer." Published by Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIEUTENANT ROY TESSIER SEAVER SACHS,

THE CANADIAN SCOTTISH, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, VANCOUVER.

(Killed in action, June 14th, 1916.)

QUEEN of the snows, was ever purer heart
Than this thy son's to help of Britain given?
With fuller sacrifice have any striven
To play for Europe's peace a warrior's part?
Not from the thoughtless wrangling of the mart
But from the student's cell uncalled, undriven
He crossed the seas with one bright star in heaven—
Duty, the pole-star of his patriot chart.

Oh! never pipes more sorrowfully played
For one by life and deed to all endeared
Their loud lament above a soldier's sleep;
Here plant the maple, let no stone be reared,
And every autumn bid its whispering shade
Of his gold heart a golden memory keep.

H. D. Rawnsley.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

YOUR faces haunt me from the printed pages,
The roll call of our valiant English dead;
What woman's hands, I wonder, clung in parting?
What woman's heart breaks, now the shot is sped?
We speak of Glory and the Cause you died for,
We lay our homage on your blood-stained grave,
Will Glory help to ease the women's anguish
Or solace them for these dear dead they gave?

Yea surely. For your spirits go before them,
You, who made Death a crown about your lives!
And in the splendour of your souls that conquered
We learn this lesson. Blest is he who strives
For Love and Faith, for Truth and priceless Honour;
These cannot pass away with mortal breath;
God guards them safe, and in His mighty keeping
Are also those who nobly looked on Death!

Margaret Peterson.

Daily Chronicle.

THE VOLUNTEER.

HERE lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament;
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour in which he lived and died.
And falling thus, he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

Herbert Asquith.

From "The Volunteer." Published by Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Lieut.-Col. John McCrae.

By special permission of *Punch.*

THE LURE OF ENGLAND.

THERE'S a misty sea-girt island in the sunset-haunted
west,
I can see it in my wounded dreams of home;
I can see the dwindling hedgerows where the sparrow
builds her nest,
And the grassland with its throw of daisied foam.

Oh! there's spring upon the island, and the greening
lures me back
To mysterious meres and woodways in the west;
. . . . They have stripped my manhood from me,
they have stretched me on the rack . . .
Take me home, a blinded, broken thing, to rest!

I can never see the island with its fields of sheeted
gold,
And the wisps of sunset drifting in the west;
Darkness drowns the dim green valleys, and the silent
hills of old,
And the hedges where the sparrow builds her nest.

Let me put my blind eyes down among the bluebells
and the grass,
Let me feel the brimming coolness on my brow;
Let me touch the dewy bracken, where the dreamful
shadows pass;
I have bled for England; let her heal me now!

C. A. Renshaw.

By special permission of *Poetry Review*, London.

WOUNDED.

Here day by day and night by night,
 Pinned to the self-same bed I lie,
While one by one, in furtive flight,
 The hooded weeks steal quickly by.

Somewhere o'er the uncounted dead
 The guns, I know, toll out the day,
And every hour the spirting lead
 Flicks the bright souls of men away.

But here life's simple, woven all
 Of morning light and evening gloom;
The lawn and the dark hospital,
 And always this three-windowed room.

And often friends come pitying me,
 That, wounded, I should be shut out
From misty moor and tossing sea,
 And winds that sweep the world about.

Pity me not. Life's simple, yes,
 But this small world, intensely known,
Takes on a magic loveliness,
 Like wind that comes, like wind that's flown,

For, as I lie, struck down and lame,
 My spirit quickens suddenly;
Red lilies by me seem to flame
 A challenge to the grizzled sky.

And, as night falls across the lawn,
 Across the bridge, each glowing lamp
Seems distant, league on league withdrawn,
 The watch-fire of no mortal camp.

And pigeons, circling round the trees,
 And wheeling downward to my bed,
Shine silver in the morning breeze
 Like souls of the light-hearted dead.

S. G. Tallents.

Spectator.

BATTLE SLEEP.

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must be
 Thou visitest, where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
 From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,
 The brown sheep graze along the bay;
And through the apple-boughs above the sand
 The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There, through uncounted hours, declines the day
 To the low arch of twilight's close;
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,
 One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing
 Forever moving through the fiery hail,
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,
 And let some soul go seaward with that sail!

Edith Wharton.

Century.

KITCHENER.

No man in England slept, the night he died:
The harsh, stern spirit passed without a pang,
And free of mortal clogs his message rang.
In every wakeful mind the challenge cried:
Think not of me: one servant less or more
Means nothing now: hold fast the greater thing—
Strike hard, love truth, serve England and the King!

Servant of England, soldier to the core,
What does it matter where his body fall?
What does it matter where they build the tomb?
Five million men, from Calais to Khartoum,
These are his wreath and his memorial.

Christopher Morley.

By special permission of *Life*.

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS.

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
 One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
 He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn,—
 School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
 And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
 Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
 His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
 From life's alembic, through his holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
 We ask; and wait.

Lord Crewe.

The Harrovian.

EDITH CAVELL.

The world hath its own dead; great motions start
 In human breasts, and make for them a place
 In that hushed sanctuary of the race
Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.
Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art
 A name to pray on, and to all a face
 Of household consecration; such His grace
Whose universal dwelling is the heart.
O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow
 And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!
 Thy country now is all humanity.
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
 In the harsh scything of the German sword,
And beautifies the world that saw it die!

G. E. Woodberry.

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A. B. V.

I bow my head, O brother, brother, brother,
 But may not grudge you, that were All to me.
Should anyone lament when this our mother
 Mourns for so many sons on land and sea?
God of the love that makes two lives as one,
Give also strength to see that England's will be done.

Let it be done, yea, down to the last tittle,
 Up to the fulness of all sacrifice.
Our dead feared this alone—to give too little.
 Then shall the living murmur at the price?
The hands withdrawn from ours to grasp the plough
Would suffer only if the furrow faltered now.

Know, fellow-mourners—be our cross too grievous—
 That One who sealed our symbol with His blood
Vouchsafes the vision that shall never leave us:
 Those humble crosses in the Flanders mud.
And think there rests all-hallowed in each grave
A life given freely for the world He died to save.

And, far ahead, dim tramping generations,
 Who never felt and cannot guess our pain,—
Though history count nothing less than nations,
 And fane forget where grass has grown again—
Shall yet remember that the world is free.
It is enough. For this is immortality.

I raise my head, O brother, brother, brother.
The organ sobs for triumph to my heart.
What! who will think that ransomed Earth can smother
Her own great soul of which you are a part!
The requiem music dies as if it knew
The inviolate peace where 'tis already well with you.

R. V.

Spectator.

A SKYLARK BEHIND THE TRENCHES.

Thou little voice! Thou happy sprite,
How didst thou gain the air and light—
That sing'st so merrily?
How could such little wings
Give thee thy freedom from these dense
And fetid tombs—these burrows whence
We peer like frightened things?
In the free sky
Thou sail'st while here we crawl and creep
And fight and sleep
And die.

How canst thou sing while Nature lies
Bleeding and torn beneath thine eyes,
And the foul breath
Of rank decay hangs like a shroud
Over the fields the shell hath ploughed?
How canst thou sing, so gay and glad,
While all the heavens are filled with death
And all the world is mad?

Yet sing! For at thy song
The tall trees stand up straight and strong,
And stretch their twisted arms;
And smoke ascends from pleasant farms,
And the shy flowers their odours give.
Once more the riven pastures smile,
And for a while
We live.

E. D. S.

France, May, 1916.

The Times.

AT BETHLEHEM—1915.

The travellers are astir—
 Bearing frowns for incense,
Scorns for myrrh.

War flings its sign afar—
 There's blood upon the Manger,
Blood upon the Star.

Dear Lord:
 Who fain would find the Saviour
Find the Sword.

E. T. Sandford.

Nation.

"KILLED IN ACTION."—APRIL, 1916.

I.

He never saw his misty English lanes
Break into myriad bloom, or the new grass
Gleam in the sunlight, or swift shadows pass
Across a haze of bluebells, or Spring rains
Drip from red may and gold laburnum-chains
At sunset; never saw his wind-blown heath
Tremble with hidden life, or the white wreath
Of cloud-drift roll from off his sun-lit plains.

These things he loved with his big English heart
(Clean as fresh wind upon an open trail).
These things he dreamed of in the bullet-hail
With eyes that watched the dawn in many times.
. . . He is dead . . . and on his hills the sun still climbs,
And o'er his plains the drifting cloud-ships start.

II.

Dead in some alien grave of suffering France,
Where homesteads smoke and human harvests rot,
Where shell-scooped craters reek and fume with hot
Assaults, and o'er red plains the death-mists dance.
Dead in his youth, his golden utterance
And clean thoughts stifled suddenly—a blot
Flung on his dreams—Desires and Pains forgot
In Death's stern lonely soul-deliverance.

And lo! far-off across the faint grey sea,
Are things he loved and yearned for—England's skies,
Dream-glades of bluebells, winds across wet hay,
Laughter of little children, triumph-cries
Of moorland winds, the urgent ecstasy
Of birds, and low sad sounds of tired day.

III.

Six thousand miles he came with love astir—
A strong storm-shaken thing for England's sake—
From dark pine-glooms where leaping cataracts break
In living foam,—where God's artificer
Has dreamed of God, and every ice-clad spur
Leans to itself in some blue-bosomed lake.
When England called, he leaped with soul awake,
And came six thousand miles to fight for her.

Forgotten every lake and giant height
And sweeping torrent! England lured him home—
England—the Mother crying for her son.
He rushed to her, heart-hungry o'er the foam,
And died with name unknown and spurs unwon—
A son of England's smitten in the fight.

C. A. Renshaw.

THE OLD ROAD TO PARADISE.

Ours is a dark Eastertide and a scarlet spring,
But high up by Heaven's gate all the saints sing,
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!

Oh, in youth the morn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn gayly wind and twist—
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battlefields few the roadways wind
(One to grief, one to death, no road that's kind),
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find!

(St. Martin in his colonel's cloak, Joan in her mail,
David in his robe and sword—none there be that fail—
Down the road to Paradise they stand to greet and hail!)

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-crossed,
Where the lads lie thinking long out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again long ago they lost.

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battlefields comes to lead His own.

Souls that might have withered in the world's hot glare,
Blown and gone like shrivelled things dusty on the air,
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and fair!

Ours is a sad Eastertide and a woeful day,
Yet high up at Heaven's gate all the saints are gay,
For the old road to Paradise—'tis a crowded way!

Margaret Widdemer.

Good Housekeeping.

THREE HILLS.

THERE is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm trees grow,
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain,
A little hill, a hard hill,
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die,
A little hill, a kind hill,
To the souls in jeopardy.

Everard Owen.

The Times.

TO BELGIUM.

Our tears, our songs, our laurels—what are these
To thee in thy Gethsemane of loss,
Stretched in thine unimagined agonies
On Hell's last engine of the Iron Cross.

For such a world as this that thou shouldst die
Is price too vast—yet, Belgium, hadst thou sold
Thyself, O then had fled from out the earth
Honour forever, and left only Gold.

Nor diest thou—for soon shalt thou awake,
And, lifted high on our victorious shields,
Watch the new sunrise driving for your sons
The hated German shadow from your fields.

Richard Le Gallienne

From "The Silk-Hat Soldier." Published by John Lane.

THE REFUGEES.

Past the marching men, where the great road runs,
Out of burning Ypres three pale women came:
One was a widow (listen to the guns!)—
She wheeled a heaped-up barrow. One walked lame
And dragged two little children at her side,
Tired and coughing with the dust. The third
Nestled a dead child on her breast and tried
To suckle him. They never spoke a word. . . .

So they came down along the great Ypres road.
A soldier stayed his mirth to watch them pass,
Turned and in silence helped them with their load,
And led them to a field and gave them bread. . . .
I saw them hide their faces in the grass
And cry, as women cried when Christ was dead.

Capt. W. G. Shakespeare.

Spectator.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS.

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any kind of trouble—
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
In country lane, in city street, or byway—
You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—
How *did* we miss Your footprints on our pavements?—
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England;
But now that we are far away from England,
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it.
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—
Pain—Death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You, You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

L. W.

Spectator.

A FLEMISH VILLAGE.

Gone is the spire that slept for centuries,
 Whose image in the water, calm and low,
Was mingled with the lilies' green and snow,
 And lost itself in river mysteries.
The church lies broken near the fallen spire;
 For here, among these old and human things,
Death swept along the street with feet of fire,
 And went upon his way with moaning wings.
Above the cluster of these homes forlorn,
 Where giant fleeces of the shell are rolled,
O'er pavements by the kneeling herdsmen worn,
 The wounded saints look out to see their fold.

And silence follows fast, no evening peace,
 But leaden stillness, when the thunder wanes,
Haunting the slender branches of the trees,
 And settling low upon the listless plains!

H. A.

Spectator.

FOUR THINGS I ASK.

Four things, Almighty God, I ask
For England in her awful task.

The passionate heart of one who fights,
Compassionate even when she smites.

Set lips, and close, from which shall fall
Speech, grave and pure, if speech at all.

Hands bloody—since it must be!—seen
By Thee, indubitably clean.

Eyes which, though dimmed with blood or tear,
Or the dark shadow itself, see clear.

Four things I ask: four things and one—
The mind that was in Christ Thy Son.

So well equipped shall England stand,
Arisen again at Heaven's command.

So view her from Thy seat above,
God! full of noble wrath—and love.

G. H. Leonard.

British Weekly.

REVENGE FOR RHEIMS.

THOU Permanence amid all things that pass!
Unchanging Thought amid the drift of change;
Thou Rally of the Soul in days of dross,
How art Thou fallen!

Thou Prayer, that ever-rising, yet remained,
That for seven hundred years didst sing and soar,
Spirit with wings outspread tip-toe on Earth.
How art Thou fallen!

Thou Vision frozen, and Thou Sigh transfixed;
Thou Camp of dreams, Thou Fort of faith unstormed,
Time-worn, yet wearying t'ward Eternity,
How art Thou fallen!

Thou wast to France her Inspiration old,
Thou hadst for ivy earliest memories;
From Thee her Knights, her Angels long looked down;
How art Thou fallen!

What vengeance for Thy ruin shall She hurl?
O, be that vengeance that the ruin stand,
Only those Choirs for ever unrestored!
Ever unfallen!

Stephen Phillips.

From "Panama." Published by John Lane.

THE FLIGHT INTO ENGLAND.

(Noël Belge.)

Forward through the dark blue night,
Forward the wanderers pressed,
Joseph trudged at the ass's head
In front and took no rest,
And the mother clasped the infant child
Against her empty breast.

Forward through the dark blue night
They trotted, six leagues hence,
Six leagues of flight from city walls
And soldiers in their tents,
From bloody men and the woeful cries
Of the Holy Innocents.

" What seekest thou so fast, old man,
Along with thy young wife?"
" We seek new men, we seek new skies,
New hearts, new souls, new life,
To shield the blessèd Son of God
From the blast of deadly strife."

Forward through the dark blue night
They have fled, with foot so fleet,
The sound of their footfall dies away
And is lost in the desert street,
And the wind has swept from every path
The traces of their feet.

Emile Cammaerts.

From "War Poems and Other Translations," by Lord Curzon. Published by John Lane.

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON.

" The distant boom of angry guns
No longer fills my ear.
Oh! whither have we fled, my son?
Tell me that I may hear."
" Father, we are in England!"

" No more I hear the stormy wind
Amid the rigging roar,
I feel beneath my tottering feet
The firm ground of the shore.
Is this the end of all our woes?
Shall we not suffer more?"
" Father, we are in England!"

"I hear the sound of kindly speech,
But do not understand,
I feel I've wandered very far,
Far from the fatherland;
How comes it that these tones are not
Those of an unknown land?"
"Father, we are in England!"

"I feel in all the air around
Freedom's sweet breath respire,
I feel celestial fingers creep
Along my quivering lyre;
The birds, the trees, the babbling streams
Speak to me of our home,
Why does my grief less bitter grow
And rest so dear become?"
"Father, we are in England!"

"Bend down upon thy knees, my son,
And take into thy hand,
Thy wounded hand, and mine, somewhat
Of the earth of this good land,
That dreaming of our home, we two
May kiss the soil of England!"

Emile Cammaerts.

From "War Poems and Other Translations," by Lord Curzon. Published by John Lane.

KEEPER.

WHAT would the world be without you,
if you failed her?
Girdled with your silver girdle,
You have held your place so long;
Girdled with your silver girdle,
You have stood aside, untroubled.
You have stood and watched and listened,
and kept balance.
When they turned to you for judgment,
you have spoken.
Who would speak as you have spoken,
if in this you failed the world?
Girdled with your silver girdle,
you stood ready.
Always when your strength was needed,
you were strong.
Always when your word was spoken,
by your strength you have upheld it.
Who would answer the world's voices
if you failed her?

Helen Mackay.

From "London One November." Published by Andrew Melrose, Ltd.

OUT OF ROME.

OUT of Rome they march as when
Scipio led his serried men,
While the cry of "Viva! Viva!"
Rings again and yet again.

They, in dreams of high desire,
Rousing them to holy ire,
 On the Capitolian altars
Have beheld the vestal fire.

Rear and vanguard, first and last,
They have caught the virile, vast,
 Emulous centurion ardour
From some legion of the past.

Win they laurel wreath or rue,
We must feel that this is true,
 That the ancient Roman valour
Thrills through Italy anew!

Clinton Scollard.

From "Italy in Arms."

A CURE FOR DEPRESSION.

Moments there are of transient gloom
 When life for me appears to lose
Its rosy aspect and assume
 The turnip's pessimistic hues;

As when o' mornings, gazing out
 Across my patch of fog-grey river,
I feel a twitch of poor man's gout,
 Or else a touch of liver;

Or when, forgetting Watts's rhymes
On puppy dogs that bark and bite,
The *Westminster* attacks the *Times,*
Starting a most unseemly fight;

Or when I find some Labour sheet
Still left at large to boom rebellion,
Or hear the thin pacific bleat
Of " my hon. friend " Trevelyan;

When enemy craft career above
Unchallenged (till they've had their fling);
Or little Willy's vernal shove
Anticipates the dawn of spring;

When neutrals want an open door
Kept wide for their commercial dealings,
And we must miss to lose the War
Rather than hurt their feelings.

Such moments, making Hope look bleak,
And Courage turn a little blue,
Even with hearts as tough as teak,
May well occur; but when they do,

This thought will readjust your bile,
And prove the best of appetizers:
Would I exchange (here's where you smile)
Our chances with the Kaiser's?

Sir Owen Seaman.

By special permission of *Punch.*

"THE DAY."

You boasted the Day and toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell of the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day;
And woke the Day's red spleen,
Monster who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;
Watch how the Day will go,
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in crime as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red,
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless, turned to the flame-split skies,
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for
the Day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen and hear what He has to say:—
"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

Henry Chappell.

The Daily Express.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

I shall return, my lass, my lass;
I shall be with you in the spring,
War, like Winter, will pass, will pass.
I shall return!

This is no final kiss I give:
There will be more in months to come.
Courage! Droop not gray and dumb!
I shall live on . . . as you will live.

How do I know? I cannot say.
Ask of the robins southward bound!
Love, we too shall both be found
Here with a song this coming May.

I shall return, my lass, my lass;
I shall be with you in the spring,
War, like Winter, will pass, will pass.
I shall return!

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

Boston *Transcript.*

THE PLACE WAS BASKING IN THE SUN.

The place was basking in the sun,
Extremely warm and bright;
The mailèd fist was stretching out
To grab whate'er it might;
And this was very wrong, because
It wasn't very right.

The world was watching sulkily,
A frown upon her face,
Because she thought the mailèd fist
Distinctly out of place.
"His clear intention," she remarked,
"Amounts to a disgrace."

The Kaiser and the Chancellor
Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such lots of foreign land;
"If this were only Germanized,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven hosts of peaceful Huns
Swept it with fire and sword,
Do you suppose," the Kaiser said,
"Culture could be restored!"
"I doubt it," said the Chancellor,
And looked a trifle bored.

"Oh, Nations, come and walk with us,"
The wily Kaiser cried,
"A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk,
O'er frontiers far and wide;
For we can do with two of you
To help on either side!"

The wise Italian winked his eye
And cautiously arose;
Then slowly spread his fingers out
And placed them to his nose,
Meaning to say that he would do
Exactly as he chose.

But Hungary Austrians hurried up,
Eager to take a hand,
Willing to walk a little way
Behind the German band;
Their simple Czechs looked out of place
'Midst uniforms so grand.

The Kaiser and the Chancellor
Walked on a mile or two,
Until they reached the Balkan States,
Conveniently new;
A spot where raising trouble was
An easy thing to do.

"The time has come," the Kaiser said,
"To talk of blood and wars;
Of Me, and Germany, and God;
And Culture, and the Cause;
And why the sea is much too hot;
And whether bears have claws!"

"Please, sir," the simple Austrians cried,
Turning a little blue,
"We did not know that was the sort
Of thing you meant to do!"
"How kind I am," the Kaiser said,
"To plan this treat for you.

"A place within the summer sun
Is what attracts my gaze;
A certain studied frightfulness
Shall hall-mark all our ways;
So hand your dry old treaties up,
And let us start a blaze!

"It was so nice of you to come
And help us toe the line;
Your aid is quite essential to
My long-prepared design!"
The Chancellor said nothing but,
"This paper's burning fine!"

" It seems a shame," the Austrians cried,
" To kindle such a fire;
The dirty smoke is in our eyes;
Our feet are in the mire."
The Kaiser answered nothing but,
" Send off another wire!"

" I mourn you," said the Chancellor,
" I deeply sympathize,
We did not know the job was such
A very nasty size!"
The Kaiser put his helmet on,
And looked extremely wise.

" Oh, Austrians," said the Chancellor,
" You are a simple race,
Shall we be trotting off to find
Some other sunny place?"—
But answer came there none, because
They'd vanished into space.

Horace Wyatt.

From " Malice in Kulturland."

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM.

" You are old, Father William," the young man said,
" And the end of your life is in sight;
Yet you're frequently patting your God on the head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

" In my youth," said his sire, " I established my case
As a being apart and divine;
And I think if I try to keep God in His place,
He ought to support me in mine."

" You are old," said the youth, " as I mentioned before,
And flight is exceedingly tiring;
And yet you attempt, like an eagle, to soar—
What made you so very aspiring?"

" From my youth," said the sage, " I was never the thing;
My conduct was always absurd;
And now I feel certain, unless I take wing,
That Europe will give me the bird."

" You are old," said the youth, " and a bit double-faced,
And your head is too large for your hat;
Yet you try to remodel the world to your taste—
Pray what is the meaning of that?"

" In my youth," said his sire, " from the day of my birth,
Such merit through culture I got,
That its blessings I'd force on the whole blooming earth,
If it meant killing off all the lot."

" You are old," said the youth, " as I think you're aware,
For it's certainly time that you knew it;
Yet I see you throw bricks, and not buns, to the bear—
Do you think it is tactful to do it?"

" I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father, " and now I have done;
Do you think I could listen all day to such stuff?
Trot along, and steal pictures, my son!"

Horace Wyatt.

From " Malice in Kulturland."

TRUTHFUL WILLIE.

A SIMPLE, earnest-minded youth,
Who wore in both his eyes
A calm, pellucid lake of Truth—
What should he know of lies?

I met a gentle German Prince,
His name was Truthful WILL,
An honest type—and ever since,
His candour haunts me still.

" About this War—come, tell me, Sir,
If you would be so kind,
Just any notions which occur
To your exalted mind."

" Frankly, I cannot bear," said he,
" The very thought of strife;
It seems so sad; it seems to me
A wicked waste of life.

"Thank Father's God that I can say
My constant aim was Peace;
I simply lived to see the Day
(*Der Tag*) when wars would cease.

"But, just as I was well in train
To realize my dream,
Came England, all for lust of gain,
And spoilt my beauteous scheme.

"But tell me how the rumours run;
Be frank and tell the worst
Touching myself; you speak to one
With whom the Truth comes first."

"Prince," I replied, "the vulgar view
Pictured you on your toes
Eager for gore; they say that you
Were ever bellicose.

"'Twas you, the critics say, who led
The loud War Party's cry
For blood and iron." "Oh!" he said,
"Oh! what a dreadful lie!

"War Party? Well, I'm father's pet,
And if such things had been,
He must have let me know, and yet
I can't think what you mean."

"But your BERNHARDI," I replied,
"He preached the Great War Game."
"BERNHARDI! who was he?" he cried;
"I never heard his name!

"Dear father must be told of him;
Father, who loathes all war,
Is looking rather grey and grim,
But that should make him roar!"

So, with a smile that knew no art,
He left me well content
Thus to have communed, heart to heart,
With one so innocent.

And still I marvelled, having scanned,
Those eyes so full of Truth,
"Oh, why do men misunderstand
This bright and blameless youth?"

Sir Owen Seaman.

By special permission of *Punch.*

AT THE GOLDEN HORN.

The sunrise cry from many minarets
Floats down the vernal morning, clear and cool;
From Asian shores a bland breeze westward sets,
And stirs the almond trees of Istamboul.

As on the mosques the first rays slantwise shine,
And golden glory floods the gloomy gray,
The city of imperial Constantine
Uplifts her weary lids to greet the day.

The torpor of decay upon her lies;
Her heart is palsied though her face be fair,
Though still majestic to the cloudless skies
Aya Sofia rears its dome in the air.

What though the fitful glow of life seem warm,
There broods a fatal apathy o'er all;—
It is the hush that bodes the breaking storm,
The calm that comes before the final fall!

Clinton Scollard.

From "The Vale of Shadows."

THE KAISER AND BELGIUM.

He said: "Thou petty people, let me pass!
What canst thou do but bow to me and kneel?"
But sudden a dry land caught fire like grass,
And answer hurtled but from shell and steel.
He looked for silence but a thunder came;
Upon him from Liège a leaden hail!
All Belgium flew up at his throat in flame,
Till at her gates, amazed, his legions quail!
Take heed, for now on haunted ground thy tread,
There bowed a mightier War-Lord to his fall;
Fear! lest that very grass again grow red
With blood of German now, as then of Gaul!
If him whom God destroys He maddens first,
Then thy destruction slake thy madman's thirst.

Stephen Phillips.

From "Panama." Published by John Lane.

THE PYRES.

Pyres in the night, in the night!
 And the roaring yellow and red.
Trooper, trooper, why so white?
 We are out to gather our dead.
We have brought dry boughs from the bloody wood
 And the torn hill-side;
We have felled great trunks, wet with blood
 Of brothers that died;
We have piled them high for a flaming bed,
Hemlock and ash and pine for a bed,
A throne in the night, a throne for a bed—
And we go to gather our dead.

There where the oaks loom, dark and high,
 Over the sombre hill,
 Body on body, cold and still,
Under the stars they lie.
There where the silver river runs,
 Careless and calm as fate,
Mowed, mowed by the terrible guns,
 The stricken brothers wait.
There by the smouldering house, and there
Where the red smoke hangs on the heavy air,
Under the ruins, under the hedge,
Cheek by cheek at the forest-edge;
Back to breast, three men deep,
 Hearing not bugle or drum,
In the desperate trench they died to keep,
Under the starry dome they sleep,
 Murmuring, "Brothers, come!"

This way! I heard a call
 Like a stag's when he dies;
Under the willows I saw him fall,
 Under the willows he lies.
Give me your hand. Raise him up.
 Lift his head. Strike a light.
This morning we shared a crust and a cup,
 He wants no supper to-night.
Take his feet. Here the shells
 Broke all day long,
Moaning and shrieking hell's
 Bacchanalian song!
Last night he helped me bear
 Men to hell's fêting.
To-morrow, maybe, somewhere,
 We, too, shall lie waiting.

Pyres in the night, in the night!
 Weary and sick and dumb,
Under the flickering, faint starlight
 The drooping gleaners come.
Out of the darkness, dim
 Shadowy shadow-bearers,
Dragging into the bale fire's rim
 Pallid death-farers.

Pyres in the night, in the night!
 In the plain, on the hill;
No volleys for their last rite,
 We need our powder—to kill.
High on their golden bed,
 Pile up the dead!

Pyres in the night, in the night!
 Torches, piercing the gloom!
Look! How the sparks take flight!
 Stars, stars, make room!
Smoke, that was bone and blood!
 Hark! The deep roar.
It is the souls telling God
 The Glory of WAR!

Hermann Hagedorn.

The Outlook.

I AM WAR.

I AM a pestilence
 Sweeping the world—
Hate is the root of me,
Death is the fruit of me,
 Swift is my stroke;
Blood is the sign of me,
Steel is the twine of me,
 Thus shall ye know me:
I am the death of Life,
I am the life of Death,
 I am War!

I am a madness
 Riding the necks of men—
Champing of nations armed,
Stamping of war-horse hoofs
Charging unbridled;

Clashing of bayonets,
Flashing of sword-blades,
Rumbling of cannon-wheels,
Crumbling of kingdoms,
 These are my harbingers:
I am the death of Law,
I am the law of Death,
 I am War!

I am a harlot
 Seducing the nations;
Diplomats lie for me,
Patriots die for me,
 Lovers I lack not—
Cannon-mouths speak of me,
Battlefields reek of me,
Widowed wives shriek of me,
 Cursing my name:
I am the death of Joy,
I am the joy of Death,
 I am War!

Alter Brody.

The Outlook.

AMMUNITION COLUMN.

(Written within sound of the guns on the British front.)

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless chain,
And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired, and the empties return again;

Railroad, lorry and limber, battery, column and park;
To the shelf where the set fuse waits the breech, from the quay where the shells embark—
We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef; the long dull day drags by,
As I sit here watching our "Archibalds" *strafing* an empty sky;
Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one guesses the 'plane—
Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the endless chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a little link in the chain,
Waiting a word from the wagon-lines that the guns are hungry again:—
Column-wagon to battery-wagon, and battery-wagon to gun;
To the leader kneeling 'twixt trail and wheel from the shops where the steam-lathes run—
There's a lone mule braying against the line where the mud cakes fetlock-deep!
There's a lone soul humming a hint of a song in the barn where the drivers sleep;
And I hear the plash of the orderly's horse as he canters him down the lane—
Another cog in the gun-machine, a link in the selfsame chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link in the chain;
And the Captain has sent from the wagon-line to fill his wagons again;—

From wagon-limber to gunpit dump; from loader's forearm at breech,
To the working party that melts away when the shrapnel bullets screech.
So the restless section pulls out once more in column of route from the right,
At the tail of a blood-red afternoon; so the flux of another night
Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping column again . . .
Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the chain!

Gilbert Frankau.

From "The Song of the Guns." Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

THE BALLAD OF THE IRON CROSS.*

Upon my coat a cross is pinned,
Upon the cross a soul;
Upon my heart a weight I bear
For honour and for dole—
An iron cross with eight sharp points
With silver edged around.

An iron cross with eight sharp points,
With each point like a nail;
An iron cross with eight sharp points,
And each one with its tale—
Each of a hundred souls I sent
In agony to hell!

* The Commander of Submarine No. 12 has been awarded the Iron Cross.—*War News.*

It was a still and starless night
When we sailed down the Strait;
Our boat was swift, our men were bold,
Our hearts were firm as fate,
When in the darkness we discerned
The masthead of the foe.

It was a still and starless night
When we dived beneath the wave—
Our boat was swift, our men were bold,
And we heard a quick-fire rave;—
And down we dived beneath the sea
To strike for life or death.

It was a still and starless night
When the word was heard from me—
And a fearful flash lit up the sky
And a roaring rent the sea—
And down she sank with all her guns
And twice four hundred men!

She did not fire a single shot
When we fled into the night;
She could not signal to the shore
To warn them of her plight—
And down she sank with all her guns
And twice four hundred men!

We did not stop a moment
To save the struggling men,
But listened to the pulsing fear
That tremored through us then—
And we slunk away like a beast of prey
Into the yawning night.

God pity us! We did not stop
To save the struggling men,
But listened to the pulsing fear
That tremored through us then;
And we skulked away like a beast of prey
Into the yawning night!

It was a gray and ghastly day
When we sailed into port;
They cheered us from the crowded shores,
They thundered from the fort—
But in my spirits stalked remorse,
And horror in my heart.

The news flashed over a thousand wires,
The story was retold;
They toasted me in court and camp,
They called me brave and bold;
And on the lapel of my coat
They pinned the Iron Cross!

Five and forty sinful souls
Plunged with me in the murk—
Five and forty willing men
That did the devil's work—
But me they gave an Iron Cross
To wear upon my heart!

I did not drive the engine,
I did not steer the ship;
I did not loose the hellish bolt
Upon its fearful trip—
But me they gave the Iron Cross
To crucify my soul!

An Iron Cross with eight sharp points,
With each point like a nail;
An Iron Cross with eight sharp points,
And each one with its tale—
Each of a hundred souls I sent
In agony to hell!

Eight hundred beautiful bodies of men
Plunged in the vast-bottomed deep;
Eight hundred beautiful souls of men
Hushed in eternal sleep—
I cannot look upon the sun
A-thinking of them there!

I cannot look upon the sun,
I cannot breathe the air;
I cannot look upon the earth
With fields and flowers fair—
A-thinking of eight hundred men
Rotting beneath the sea.

Christ pity me! I cannot bear
The burden on my soul;
The way is long and set with thorns
And darkness is the goal—
Christ pity me! I cannot bear
The weight of such a Cross!

Alter Brody.

The Outlook.

THE NEW MARS.

I WAR against the folly that is War,
The sacrifice that pity hath not stayed,
The Great Delusion men have perished for,
The lie that hath the soul of men betrayed:
I war for justice and for human right,
Against the lawless tyranny of Might.

A monstrous cult has held the world too long:
The worship of a Moloch that hath slain
Remorselessly the young, the brave, the strong,
Indifferent to the unmeasured pain,
The accumulated horror and despair,
That stricken Earth no longer wills to bear.

My goal is *peace,*—not peace at any price,
While yet ensanguined jaws of Evil yawn
Hungry and pitiless: nay, peace were vice
Until the cruel dragon-teeth be drawn,
And the wronged victims of Oppression be
Delivered from its hateful rule, and free!

When comes that hour, resentment laid aside,
Into a ploughshare will I beat my sword;
The weaker Nation's strength shall be my pride,
Their gladness my exceeding great reward;
And not in vain shall be the tears now shed,
Nor vain the service of the gallant dead.

I war against the folly that is War,
The futile sacrifice that naught hath stayed,
The Great Delusion men have perished for,
The lie that hath the souls of men betrayed:
For faith I war, humanity, and trust;
For peace on earth—a *lasting* peace, and *just!*

Florence Earle Coates.

The Athenæum.

GODS OF WAR.

FATE wafts us from the pygmies' shore;
We swim beneath the epic skies:
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize;
Where the peaked galleys clashed, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas.

High o'er the cloudy battle sweep
The wingèd chariots in their flight.
The steely creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark water's ancient night.
Below, above, in wave, in air
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath:
More loud the battle cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death.
So do they fight. How have ye warred,
Defeated Armies of the Lord?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour;
 His victory, whoever fail;
His prophets have not lost their power:
 Caesar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes Thine empire, Prince of Peace!
 With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
 Lo, how Thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessing from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream 'mid outcasts born
 Could overbrow the pride of kings?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
 His dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
 Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day,
 The thunderer from the epic skies,
More noble than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
 Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
 The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the hot hot noon.
Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

"*A. E.*"

FORWARD.

A thousand creeds and battle-cries,
A thousand warring social schemes,
A thousand new moralities,
And twenty thousand thousand dreams!

Each on his own anarchic way,
From the old order breaking free,—
Our ruined world desires, you say,
License, once more, not Liberty.

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,
When storm and change are on the deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
And how the depths of sea-shine sleep;

And we who march towards a goal,
Destroying only to fulfil
The law, the law of that great soul
Which moves beneath your alien will;

We, that like foemen meet the past
Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand
When all our wars are rolled away;
Reunion of the heart and hand
And of the prayers wherewith we pray;

Reunion in the common needs,
The common strivings of mankind;
Reunion of our warring creeds
In the one God that dwells behind.

Then—in that day—we shall not meet
Wrong with new wrong, but right with right;
Our faith shall make your faith complete
When our battalions reunite.

Forward!—what use in idle words?—
Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
When that new morning makes us whole.

Alfred Noyes.

By special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

STAIN NOT THE SKY.

Ye gods of battle, lords of fear,
Who work your iron will as well
As once ye did with sword and spear,
With rifled gun and rending shell,—
Masters of sea and land, forbear
The fierce invasion of the inviolate air!

With patient daring man hath wrought
A hundred years for power to fly,
And shall we make his wingèd thought
A hovering horror in the sky,
Where flocks of human eagles sail,
Dropping their bolts of death on hill and dale?

Ah! no, the sunset is too pure,
The dawn too fair, the noon too bright,
For wings of terror to obscure
Their beauty, and betray the night
That keeps for man, above his wars,
The tranquil vision of untroubled stars.

Pass on, pass on, ye lords of fear!
Your footsteps in the sea are red,
And black on earth your paths appear,
With ruined homes and heaps of dead.
Pass on, and end your transient reign,
And leave the blue of heaven without a stain.

The wrong ye wrought will fall to dust,
The right ye shielded will abide;
The world at last will learn to trust
In law to guard, and love to guide;
The Peace of God that answers prayer
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air.

Henry Van Dyke.

The Independent.

TO LESSING.

May, 1915.

You do not know—nay—for if you knew,
Your soul would burst the bounds of time and space
To stand here crying in the market-place,
Crying to those who know not what they do.
Of all thy country's children, you
The best could serve her in her desperate case—
You whom no power could force to aught of base,
Whose life was but the passion to be true.
Ah! to what end your spirit's high emprise,
Schiller's white flame, Goethe's Olympic calm,
If after you come men of low surmise,
Men who belie your truth without a qualm,
Who think to enjoy—God's love—*a place in the sun,*
With all around black Hell and faith fordone!

R. R. Morgan.

The Living Age.

LUTHER.

Luther, the world has need of thee!
Thy country needs thee at this hour
To scourge its world-embattled power
And stir to flame democracy.
Aye, for the fervour of thy words
Were more than guns, were more than swords!

Couldst thou but speak as thou of old
Didst, with thy stern admonishings,
The dawn of far diviner things
Might come; the people might behold
The fall of arrogance, the fall
Of that which holds fair freedom thrall!

Luther, the world has need of thee!
Thy country needs thy voice to show
What pain, what wantonness, what woe
Hate works, and greed and jealousy.
Thy voice!—for then might topple down
Sceptre and prince and king and crown!

Clinton Scollard.

From "The Vale of Shadows."

FIVE SOULS.

First Soul.

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plough because the message ran:—
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

SECOND SOUL.

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

THIRD SOUL.

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon blow at France and at the world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

FOURTH SOUL.

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

FIFTH SOUL.

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde.
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking our aid: I joined the ranks, and died,
I gave my life for freedom—This I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

W. N. Ewer.

GERMANY, MY GERMANY!

GERMANY, my Germany!
Land of magic and of song,
To all youth thou dost belong.
Often in my childhood dreams
Have I sailed thy castled streams;
Met, when lost in woodland ways,
Thy immortal elves and fays;
And have hailed thy Christmas tree
Whence the Christchild smiled on me.

Germany, my Germany!
How I tremble lest the years
Bring thee legacies of tears!
Lay thy proud ear to the ground,
Hear that muffled, angry sound
From hearts bereft on distant strands,
From ravaged homes in nearer lands—
A fearsome note—I yearn to save
Thy children from that tidal wave!

Germany, my Germany!
Not for valour in fair fight
Swells the warning voice to-night;
But for deeds that brand thy name
With the burning mark of shame—
From this carnival of crime
Snatch thy noble soul in time,
Before the rising flood of Hate
Engulf and leave thee desolate.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

Originally appeared in the *New York Evening Post.*

TWO ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

"WHO are you, friend?"
"No friend. Your foe.
You shot me in the battle of the Aisne."
"I?"
"You shot a bullet through my breast,
And ended all my hopes."
"And did you die?"
"I died, friend, cursing you."
"I prayed you would not die!
I shut my eyes and shot at you.
I prayed you would not die!"
"I died. But just before
My eyes were covered with that film
That shuts out light
I shot at you."
"Ah, you, then!"
"I."
"God help us both!"

.

"What did you leave behind you
That you loved?"
"A woman white as a pale flower,
And trembling like a flower
Blown by the pathless wind.
I held her to my heart,
And kissed her on the mouth,
And left her,
Trembling like a flower. . . .
And you? What did you leave?"
"My wife and my young child.

A boy with yellow hair
And wistful questioning eyes
That smiled at me
While she wept clinging to me.
I had to tear her strong young arms
From round my neck."
"God help the women waiting in the world!"

.

"Here, take my hand!
I would our women folk
Could see us now,
Together, arm holding arm;
And weep upon each other's hearts,
Each comfort each,
For lack of us."
"The phantom hosts
On phantom horses, wild with fear,
Ride flying by
To seek and question God,
Why this should be."
"Here, take my hand,
Dear brother whom I killed
And who killed me.
Let us go on together
Up to God,
And question with the rest."

Lucine Finch.

The Outlook.

TOWARDS THE MORNING.

UNKNOWN, unknowing, thro' the night,
Two scions of immortal race
Strove, grappling, might with utmost might,
In fell, implacable embrace.
Each fought avenging the disgrace
Of outraged Truth and Trampled Right.
At daybreak, by the wan sad light,
Each looked into a Sister's face.

C. H. Herford.

The Nation.

QUO VADITIS?

"WHERE do ye go
Pale line of broken men?"
We only know
To die. Could we die twice we'd die again.

"Wherefore?" The call
Of a strange voice—was it of death or birth?
Came to us all
To all of us, the men of all the earth.

"And to what end?"
We ask not, but we see
The self-same light which kindles in our friend
Shine from the faces of our enemy.

" Same light, Same doom;
 And for what purpose?" Deep
We lie in the same womb
 The slain—the slain, together in one sleep.

Margaret Sackville.

The Nation.

THE LINT.

(After the French of Sully Prudhomme, composed in 1870 during the siege of Paris by the Prussians.)

THERE is no star on the black night.
 With downcast eyes and patient ken,
Joan strips and folds the bandage white
 For wounded men.

Her lover's in the ranks. Poor heart!
 To-day she watched his form grow dim,
And all her men-folk too depart
 Along with him.

To her is borne by dark, by day,
 The surly cannon's dreadful threat
Over the starving town that aye
 Replies, " Not yet!"

So hour by hour she smoothes the bale,
 Still piling up the linten heap,
Till now she feels her fingers fail
 And fall on sleep.

And while, her holy labour o'er,
She lies at last in sleep well-earned,
She feels the handle of her door
Is softly turned.

An unknown visitant is there,
A mild and frank-eyed maiden pale,
That hides her crown of golden hair
In grief's dark veil.

"The red cross on my sleeve is sewn,
Fear nothing then," she says. "The gray
Long road I trod, how I am known,
You'll know straightway.

"Margaret's my name. I've left behind
My Rhineland home. And, fond and true
I love a lad whose heart's unkind—
The same as you.

"Ah! by the burden of our woes,
Our hopes, our years that both accord,
We are sisters. Then leave hate to those
That wield the sword.

"And let us both strip lint to bind,
For blood is red in every limb,
And those that love have but one mind.
Come, weep for him."

Thus spake the fair young girl, bereft.
And swift with fervid fingers then
Joan drew the long thread from the weft
For wounded men.

Wilfrid Thorley.

The Nation.

HARVEST MOON: 1914.

Over the twilight field,
The overflowing field,—
Over the glimmering field,
And bleeding furrows with their sodden yield
Of sheaves that still did writhe,
After the scythe;
The teeming field and darkly overstrewn
With all the garnered fulness of that noon—
Two looked upon each other.
One was a Woman men had called their mother;
And one, the Harvest Moon.

And one, the Harvest Moon,
Who stood, who gazed
On those unquiet gleanings where they bled;
Till the lone Woman said:

"But we were crazed. . . .
We should laugh now together, I and you,
We two.
You, for your ever dreaming it was worth
A star's while to look on and light the Earth;
And I, for ever telling to my mind,
Glory it was, and gladness, to give birth
To humankind!
Yes, I, that ever thought it not amiss
To give the breath to men,
For men to slay again:
Lording it over anguish but to give
My life, that men might live
For this.

You will be laughing now, remembering
I called you once Dead World, and barren thing,
Yes, so we named you then,
You, far more wise
Than to give life to men."

Over the field, that there
Gave back the skies
A scattered upward stare
From blank white eyes,—
The furrowed field that lay
Striving awhile, through many a bleeding dune
Of throbbing clay, but dumb and quiet soon,
She looked, and went her way—
The Harvest Moon.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

Boston Transcript.

FOR TWO VOICES.

"O MOTHER, mother, isn't it fun,
The soldiers marching past in the sun!"
"Child, child, what are you saying?
Come to Church. We should be praying."

"Look, mother, at their bright spears!"
"The leaves are falling like women's tears."
"You are not looking at what I see."
"Nay, but I look at what must be."

" Hark to the pipes! See the flags flying!"
" I hear the sound of a girl crying."
" How many hundreds before they are done!"
" How many mothers wanting a son!"

" Here rides the general pacing slow!"
" Well he may, if he knows what I know."
" O this war, what a glorious game!"
" Sin and shame, sin and shame."

Maurice Hewlett.

THE ILLUSION OF WAR.

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.
Without a soul—save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street,
For yonder, yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this;
O snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

Richard Le Gallienne.

From "The Silk-Hat Soldier." Published by John Lane.

SURE, IT'S FUN!

What fun to be a soldier!—*Everykid.*

SURE, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
Upon an iron shoulder-blade to tote a feather gun;
To hike with other brave galoots in easy-going army-boots;
To pack along a one-ounce sack, the commissary on your track;
To tramp, tramp, tramp, to a right and ready camp!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Yes, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To loaf along a level road beneath a cloudless sun,
Or over fields of golden grain, kept cool by puffs of wind and rain;
Then richly, more than fully, fed, to stretch upon a downy bed
And sleep, sleep, sleep, while the stay-at-homes weep!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Oh, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To catch the silly enemy and get them on the run;
To here and there blow off a head with just a bit of
chuckling lead;
To bayonet a foolish bloke at hide-and-seek in trench
and smoke;
To shoot, shoot, shoot, till they've got no legs to scoot!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

God, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To lie out still and easy when your day's sport's done;
With not a thing to worry for, nor anything to hurry
for;
Not hungry, thirsty, tired, but a hero much-admired,
Just dead, dead, dead, like Jack and Bill and Fred!
Fun?—Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

Boston *Transcript.*

IN FRANCE. 1914.

"Is it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?"
An old bent man to a mother said,
As they met at morn by a little stall
Where the baker sold them their loaves of bread.

"Is it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?"
And the mother bowed as beneath a rod;
Then she answered, "Aye, it is well with them all,
Well with them all—they are all with God!"

Clinton Scollard.

From "The Vale of Shadows."

TO WOMEN.

YOUR hearts are lifted up, your hearts
 That have foreknown the utter price.
Your hearts burn upward like a flame
 Of splendour and of sacrifice.

For you, you too, to battle go,
 Not with the marching drums and cheers,
But in the watch of solitude
 And through the boundless night of fears.

Swift, swifter than those hawks of war,
 Those threatening wings that pulse the air,
Far as the vanward ranks are set,
 You are gone before them, you are there!

And not a shot comes blind with death,
 And not a stab of steel is pressed
Home, but invisibly it tore
 And entered first a woman's breast.

Amid the thunder of the guns,
 The lightnings of the lance and sword,
Your hope, your dread, your throbbing pride,
 Your infinite passion is outpoured.

From hearts that are as one high heart,
 Withholding naught from doom and bale
Burningly offered up,—to bleed,
 To bear, to break, but not to fail!

Lawrence Binyon.

Published by Elkin Matthews.

LAUREL AND CYPRESS.

I WATCHED him swinging down the street,
The fairest lad in all the line,
His kilt and khaki, braw and neat,
My first-born—mine!

He sleeps beneath the blood-red sod—
A letter from the King to say:
"Fallen in Honour's Cause." . . . Thank God!
But ay! But ay!

J. Napier Milne.

The Bookman.

THE WOMAN'S TOLL.

O MOTHER, mourning for the son who keeps
His last dread watch by unfamiliar streams,
Or for that other, gay of heart, who sleeps
Where the great waters guard his secret dreams,
Amid your tears take comfort for a space,
They showed them worthy of their island race.

O Wife, who heard across the wintry sea
Death's trumpet shrill for him who goes no more
Riding at dawn with that brave company
Whose fellowship no morning shall restore,
In its dark heart your bitterest hour shall bring
Scents from the scattered petals of the spring.

O Maid, with wondering eyes untouched of grief,
War's dreadful shadow spares your innocent years,
Yet shall you deem the ways of sunshine brief,
Paying long hence your toll of hidden tears
For love that perished ere the web was spun,
And children that shall never see the sun.

Ruth Duffin.

The Nation.

SORROW.

Ochone, it's the sorrow that's upon me!
(Childer, quit yer playin' at the door!)
The sun was shinin', but I knew it wouldn't last,
The signs were bad, an' I saw it comin' fast;
Did ye hear last night the wailin' iv the blast?—
An' sorrow came down upon the wind.

Wirra, it's the grief that's come upon me!
(Childer, quit yer talkin' at the door!)
The farm dog barked, an' the red cock crew,
An' the fire went out when the cold wind blew;
I've heard bad news, an' I know it's true,
For sorrow came down upon the wind.

Ochone, it's the grief that's come upon me!
(Childer, quit yer shoutin' at the door!)
Him that was young, an' beautiful, an' tall!
When he waved good-bye I niver thought he'd fall;
It's meself doesn't know what till do at all, at all.
For sorrow's come down upon the wind.

Ochone, it's the fear that's come upon me!
(Childer, quit yer laughin' at the door!)
Himself worked hard for till gain our daily bread,
An' now it's the childer that be till go unfed,
For far on the battlefield he's stretched out dead,
An' sorrow's come down upon the wind.

Dear God, it's the sorrow that's upon me,
(Childer, quit yer cryin' at the door!)
There's naught till do but to kneel and humbly pray
To Christ in Heaven to be our help this day,
An' to care for the soul iv him that's gone away—
For sorrow's come down upon the wind.

E. Margaret Du P. Archer.

Westminster Gazette.

HOME AGAIN.

THEY give us sweets and picture-books and cigarettes and things,
And they speaks to us respectful-like as though we all was kings;
And they asks us silly questions, but they means well in their way,
So we tells them how we fought and fell on such and such a day.
And we talks a bit to please them when the ladies come to call;
But the things that we have done and seen they haven't seen at all.

There's lots o' people shouting "Britannia rules the waves,"
An' it's Britons this and Britons that and Britons won't be slaves.
The music 'alls are gay with flags and girls and noise and light,
We used to think that *this* was war—before we went to fight.
But now the folk who crowd about and seize us by the hand,
We just don't answer what they says—they wouldn't understand.

There 're things that don't bear thinking of and things you never tell;
It's waste of breath to talk to folk who haven't *been* in hell.
And the blessed daily papers—why we'd like to take the lot
Right out of safe old England and let them *see* us shot.
There's heaps to tell them if we could, but it doesn't seem worth while,
So we hold our tongues and tempers, and when we can we smile.

They're just like kiddies at their play, but we—we've felt and seen;
And between the likes of them and us there 're days and nights between.
Such days, such nights!—there ain't no words, not human, to express—
But we often wish they'd think a bit and chatter rather less;

But you want a bit o' pluck for that and quite a lot o' brain—
And since they haven't got them, well—we simply *can't* explain.

Margaret Sackville.

The Sphere.

GRAY GAUNTLET.

Gray Gauntlet, you of the wristlets wrought
Of homespun soft and gray,
Do you hear the flashing needles click
Three thousand miles away?
Oh, it's purl and plain,
And a toss of the arm,
For freeing the endless thread:
And mystic whisp'rings with each stitch
Too sacred to e'er be said.

Gray gauntlet, you of the sword must go,
We of the spindle stay:
And our needles speed that our lads may march
Mail-coated in woollen gray.
Oh it's slip and bind,
And seam and count,
And turn the heels with care:
No craven fears in the meshes hide
But only a murmured prayer.

Elmina Atkinson.

The Bookman.

THE LAD OUT THERE.

Oh, power of Love, if still you lean
 Above a world so black with hate,
Where yet—it has ever been—
 The loving heart is desolate,
Look down upon the lad I love
 (My brave lad, tramping through the mire),
 I cannot light his welcoming fire,
Light thou the stars for him above!
Now nights are dark and mornings dim,
 Let him in his long watching know
 That I, too, count the minutes slow,
And light the lamp of love for him.
The sight of death, the sleep forlorn,
 The old homesickness vast and dumb—
Amid these things so bravely borne,
 Let my long thoughts above him come,
I see him in the weary file;
 So young he is, so dear to me,
 With ever-ready sympathy
And wistful eyes and cheerful smile.
However far he travels on,
 Thought follows, like the willow-wren
 That flies the stormy seas again
To lands where her delight is gone.
Whatever he may be or do
 While absent far beyond my call.
Bring him, the long day's march being through,
 Safe home to me some evenfall!

Mary Webb.

The Daily News.

SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

Soldier, soldier, off to the war,
 Take me a letter to my sweetheart O!
He's gone away to France
With his carbine and his lance,
 And a lock of brown hair of his sweetheart O.

Fair maid of London, happy may you be,
 To know so much of your sweetheart O!
There's not a handsome lad,
To get the chance he's had,
 But would skip, with a kiss for his sweetheart O.

Soldier, soldier, whatever shall I do
 If the cruel Germans take my sweetheart O?
They'll pen him in the jail
And starve him thin and pale,
 With never a kind word from his sweetheart O!

Fair maid of London, is that all you see
 Of the lad you've taken for your sweetheart O?
He'll make his prison ring
With his "God save the King"
 And his "God bless the blue eyes of my sweetheart
 O!"

Soldier, soldier, if by shot or shell
 They wound him, my dear lad, my sweetheart O!
He'll lie bleeding in the rain
And call me, all in vain,
 Crying for the fingers of his sweetheart O!

Pretty one, pretty one, now take a word from me:
Don't you grudge the life-blood of your sweetheart O!
For you must understand
He gives it to our land
And proud should fly the colours of his sweetheart O!

Soldier, soldier, my heart is growing cold—
If a German shot kill my sweetheart O!
I could not lift my head
If my dear love lay dead
With his wide eyes waiting for his sweetheart O!

Poor child, poor child, go to church and pray,
Pray God to spare you your sweetheart O!
But if he live or die
The English flag must fly
And England take care of his sweetheart O!

Maurice Hewlett.

Daily Chronicle.

WOMEN TO MEN.

God bless you, lads!
All women of the race,
As forth you go,
Wish you with steadfast face
The best they know.

God cheer you, lads!
Out in the bitter nights,
Down the drear days,
Through the red reeking fights
And wasted ways.

God bring you, lads,
Back to the Motherland,
True laurels gained,
Glory in either hand,
Honour unstained.

Women of Britain's race,
As forth you go,
Wish you with proud glad face
The best they know:
God bless you, lads!

M. L. Haskins.

By special permission of *Punch*.

COURTESAN.

THIS thing is theirs.
Those other women,
they have it for their own.
Theirs is the right to pride,
the right to grief.

Those other women, women of men's houses,
where children may be—
I have made mock of them.

And now this thing is theirs.

Theirs is the road and theirs the field,
as always was the house.

For them the men go out upon the road.
And to each one of them
if her man fall,
belongs the field wherein he lies.

The burden of the war is theirs to bear,
and bearing it they have a right to sing
of love and death and glory,
honour and faith and sacrifice,
exultantly.

Is the house fallen?
Theirs was the right to fall with it.

The men go out to battle.

Those other women have the right
to laugh them off
and weep for them after.

And I, I have no right
to even look upon it.

Helen Mackay.

From "London One November." Published by Andrew Melrose, Ltd.

HOW DOTH THE GERMAN PRESS BUREAU.

How doth the German Press Bureau
 Improve each shining tale,
Till Victory's unceasing flow
 Seems very like a whale!

How thick its yarns—and yet how thin!
 How wide it spreads its views,
And takes the simple public in
 With gently garbled news.

Horace Wyatt.

From "Malice in Kulturland."

VAS-Y, MON HOMME.

I.

"Je t'écris c'billet, mon bon Jean,
Pour te dir'que je suis ben fière
D'apprendr'qu'on t'a nommé sergent
Pour ta bel'conduite à la guerre;
Tout ça, du reste, n'm'étonn'pas,
Car de tous les homm's du village
T'es non seul'ment le plus beau gâs
Mais, 'cor c'ti-la qu'a l'plus d'courage.

"Vas-y, mon homme et cogn'dans l'tas!
Moi, je n'pleurnich'ni ne soupire:
Tu fais ton D'voir lorsque tu t'bats . . .
Moi je fais l'mien quand j'ai le sourire!

II.

" Par chez nous, a c't'heure, entre voisins
On ne fait plus qu'un'famille unique:
Ya plus d'poivrots, plus d'assassins,
On n'caus'plus jamais politique.
Nos blés sont coupés d'puis lundi,
Ben engerbés, ben mis en meule:
Avec notr'fieu qui s'dégourdit
J'pourrai . . . bientôt . . . les rentrer seule;

" C'est un petit homme aux bras musclés:
Les pieds d'aplomb dans ses galoches
Il m'a dit, hier: j'vas battre les blés
Pendant que l'pèr' va battr' les Boches!

III.

" Et puis, grand'nouvell 'pour la fin,
Cherche voir! devin' devinette! . . .
Eh ben! voilà: depuis c'matin
T'es papa d'un 'gross 'pouponnette!
Ell'te ressemble; oh! que c'est ben toi!
Elle a tes bons grands yeux que j'aime
Et comme elle est solid', ma foi,
On t'espér'ra pour le baptême;

" Adieu, mon homm'! Fais pour le mieux! . . .
J'finis ma lettr'; v'la nuit noire.
Tâch'de revenir victorieux
Pour que la p'tit'se nomme Victoire!"

Théodore Botrel,
" Chansonnier des Armées."

From " Les Chants du Bivouac," Librairie Payot et Cie, Paris, 106, Boulevard Saint Germain.

PIETA: A HOMAGE TO BELGIUM.

I.

You Men of Antwerp, who have lifted down
Once more from His high cross, the Crucified,
And from the hands and feet, and piercèd side
Wiped your own blood, above that anguished crown;
There by the belfry tower that glorified
The upward gaze of Flanders and Brabant;—
Men of Namur, Liège, unconquered Ghent
And leafy, fair Ardennes;—
Is it with you again,
As with those far Judæan brother-men
Who saw their glory, and the living Word
Of all men's longing slain, and sepulchred?—
His Body left alone,
Unto His own:
And their despair, wherewith to seal the stone.
And are your words the broken words they had
As once they walked together and were sad,
Along the smouldering, desolated ways?
"Now is it many days
Since all these things were done
Before the Sun.
And lo, the very God that gave us breath
Is scourged and put to death."

Brothers, it is not true.
By all new born Compassion, now we know
The Lord is risen indeed; and walks with you.
Though your worn eyes are holden;—yes,
Through all the wilderness,

Through the black desert there,
The waste of rankling embers, where They go,
As snowflakes on the air,
Unknowing whither, and unknowing whence.
The wingless Innocents,
The little children. And, of all that mourn!
Mothers of trampled sons,
Perishing, outcast ones,
The Women, Women, broken, bruised and spent
Dragging a blinded flight to banishment,
Faint, with the weight of woe in men unborn!
Homeless—and guiltless; west, and west, and north,
Whither the lords of Famine drive them forth,
Along the awful footprints trodden red;—
But shepherded
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

Heroes, He walks with these—
The Refugees.
Heroes, He walks with you,
Your widening realm made new,
Your kingdom vaster now than ever then;
Your world-wide empire in the souls of men.

II.

And you, New World?—
Now that the lightning blast
Of tangled hates has left your heart aghast,
What is your answering deed
To men in need?
The Eyes, that once their startled eyes could see
Through the blue morning mist of Galilee,

Are on you now, with their one "*Lov'st thou Me?*" . .
And with the cry of light that follows death,
"*Thou knowest that we love Thee!*" sobs all breath.
And, "*Feed my lambs,*" He saith.
Ah, by that word to keep,
By all the sharpness of their more-than-death,
"*With nothing left them but their eyes to weep*"—
Shall we not feed His sheep?

III.

Now, with the cold, draws near the Holy Time
When there shall sound no chime
From towers that look alone
On glories overthrown.
There shall no tongue of bell
Proclaim Emmanuel!
To mock with homage thus
Our tortured God-with-us.

Far on the Syrian plains, the shepherds there
May pipe to moonlit air
While tidings of the Hope of all men's dream,
Men yet blaspheme.
O New World, do not mock
The desolation of this perishing flock
With chime or festival,
While shames and sorrows call
Above the wind, the scourging, bitter wind
For these that never sinned;
Save that they held the unconquerable gate
Of human Hope, against the hordes of Hate.
Look on that Mother-Country, face to face—

Stricken that men might Live.
And to that ruined manger-place,
Gather, and gather;—GIVE!—
O fair-of-fortune—hope and humbleness,
Gather and garner—bless
Your lowly offerings
Of precious things.
Open your treasures forth for her;
Your gold, your frankincense, and myrrh.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

RESULT OF GREAT (BLANK-DASH) ATTACK

(From our own Expert at the back.)

(SUBMITTED to the Press Bureau,
Who will not swear it's true, although
They do not think its publication
Will jeopardise the British nation.)

A TOWN IN EUROPE,
(Blank) o'clock,
November (dash).

A fearful shock
Of arms occurred at (blank) to-day,
And I'm at liberty to say
That the result was (blank-dash-blank),
For which we have the (blanks) to thank.

The whole (dash) Corps of (censored) Huns,
Supported by (omitted) guns,
Advanced at daylight, and were faced
By (here a passage is erased),
Who held a very strong position
Resting upon (a long omission).
The (blanks) were able to advance
And occupy (a town in France);
But presently the (blank) Division
Attacked the trenches of (excision),
And soon (blank-blank) and then (dash-dash),
(Dash-blank, dash-blank) a fearful crash
(A paragraph omitted here),
As a result of which it's clear
That further efforts will (the rest
Of the report has been suppressed).

Horace Wyatt.

From "Malice in Kulturland."

DOUBT.*

So thin, so frail the opalescent ice
Where yesterday, in lordly pageant, rose
The monumental nations—the repose
Of continents at peace! Realities

* This poem and the two following are contained in "The Present Hour," and "Collected Poems," published by The Macmillan Co. of New York, by whose courtesy they are here reprinted.

Solid as earth they seemed, yet in a trice
 Their bastions crumbled in the surging floes
 Of unconceivable, inhuman woes,
Gulfed in a mad, unmeaning sacrifice.

We, who survive that world-quake, quail and start,
 Searching our hidden souls with dark surmise:
So thin, so frail—is reason? Patient art—
 Is it all a mockery, and love all lies?
 Who sees the lurking Hun in childhood's eyes?
Is hell so near to every human heart?

Percy Mackaye.

A PRAYER OF THE PEOPLES.

God of us, who kill our kind!
Master of this blood-tracked mind,
Which from wolf and Caliban
Staggers towards the star of Man—
Now, on Thy cathedral stair,
God, we cry to Thee in prayer!

Where our stifled anguish bleeds.
Strangling through Thine organ reeds,
Where our voiceless songs suspire
From the corpses in Thy choir—
Through Thy charred and shattered nave,
God, we cry on Thee to save!

Save us from our tribal gods!
From the racial powers, whose rods—
Wreathed with stinging serpents—stir
Odin and old Jupiter
From their ancient hells of hate
To invade Thy dawning state.

Save us from their curse of kings!
Free our souls' imaginings
From the feudal dreams of war;
Yea, God, let us nevermore
Make, with slaves' idolatry,
Kaiser, czar, or king of *Thee!*

We who, craven in our prayer,
Would lay off on Thee our care—
Lay instead on us Thy load;
On our minds Thy spirit's goad,
On our laggard wills Thy whips
And Thy passion on our lips!

Fill us with the reasoned faith
That the prophet lies who saith
All this web of destiny,
Torn and tangled, cannot be
Newly wove and redesigned
By the Godward human mind.

Teach us, so, no more to call
Guidance supernatural
To our help, but—heart and will—

Know ourselves responsible
For our world of wasted good
And our blinded brotherhood.

Lord, our God! to whom, from clay,
Blood and mire, Thy peoples pray—
Not from Thy cathedral's stair
Thou hearest:—Thou criest *through* our prayer;
For our prayer is but the gate:
We, who pray, ourselves are fate.

Percy Mackaye.

DESTINY.

We are what we imagine, and our deeds
Are born of dreaming. Europe acts to-day
Epics that little children in their play
Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their creeds;
In barrack, court and school were sown those seeds,
Like Dragon's teeth, which ripen to affray
Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to slay,
And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.

Mock, then, no more at dreaming, lest our own
Create for us a like reality!
Let not imagination's soil be sown
With armed men but justice, so that we
May for a world of tyranny atone
And dream from that despair—democracy.

Percy Mackaye.

FLOWERING THORN.

Cold the winter ocean beats
 Against the English shore;
I remember well a May
 When England hawthorn wore,—
Hawthorn white and hawthorn red,
Pale, sweet lilacs on her head
Wreathèd in a coronal;
Oleanders by the wall,
Old, gray garden walls where climb
Dark-leaved ivies, rich with time.

Now the leaden winter rain
Falls on England in her pain;
Falls on Lancashire, where grew
Violets in woods we knew,—
Falls on paths he trod with me,
In that May-time, lingeringly.

Now the winds of winter cry
O'er the lakes that frozen lie,
Gray and sombre, mirroring
No bright sapphire skies of spring.
Far in Flanders wild winds sweep
O'er my love's entrenchèd sleep.
Blotting out his war-world grim,
Do these scenes come back to him?

Ah, does he recall in dreams
 One early, thrush-thrilled morn,
May-sweet with English primrose,
 And white with flow'ring thorn?

Agnes Kendrick Gray.

Boston Transcript.

WOMAN AND WAR.

I HAVE heard praise of you, because you fling,
Tearless and proud, son after golden son
Into the maw of this abhorrèd thing
That even poets grow ashamed to sing:
This bloody dream of bayonet and gun,
This obscene idol shutting out the sun,
This goblin with so wild a glory crowned,
So decked with dazzle of old words that flame
Along the heart, and girt with such sweet sound
Of lying music—men still call it fame
To do this murder with a laureled name.

Ah! women, blindly noble, now to you
Is given Time's divinest deed to do:
To pluck this madness from the mortal brain;
To root from out the very thoughts of men
This dread inheritance, this ghost that dwells
In the dark swamps beneath the soaring soul,
This shuddering larva of old lusts and hells
Feeding on radiance, making foul the scroll
Of man's ascension; out of language tear
Any bright word that makes this foulness fair,
Strip off the gold, and show the monster there—
Till men forget, or a wild legend deem,
That such a thing as War was once a dream,
And man's supremest vanity to kill.

The upturned faces of a million dead
Plead to the sky; there is no help but you,
O women! you that proudly harvested
Out of your travail all this flower of men

That rots like rubbish out in wind and rain;
With cynic fury, like a shattered hoard,
Broken and wasted—the young future furled
In heart and head gone like a vanished world;
Treasure of bodies piteously adored
In ribald violation tossed and torn
That desecrates the holy name of Death—
Were they for this so mystically born,
And from your hearts so strangely filled with breath!

Ah! battles worthy of the soul to fight
There shall not lack; for still the Ancient Night
Girds us about, and slowly climbs the morn.
For these, O women, mighty is our need
Of men, to do a more courageous deed
Than rushing blindly on an open grave.
O teach us nobler ways of being brave,
And other harder ways of being strong;
Rear us up sons, and rear us daughters, too,
O women, for we have no help but you—
To dare new conflicts with new ways of wrong—
But give no more your children to the flame,
To glut this infamy that once was fame.

Richard Le Gallienne.

McClure's Magazine.

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE.

1915.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
But ah! what found she there?
The little streams were running red,
And the torn fields were bare;
And all about the ruined towers
Where once her king was crowned,
The hurtling ploughs of war and death
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,
That harvest might not fail;
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,
Her dress was silvern mail;
And all the war-worn ranks were glad
To feel her presence shine;
Her smile was like the mellow sun
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,
Her visions to their eyes,
And the quick glory of her sword
She lent to their emprise;
The shadow of her gentle hand
Touched Belgium's burning cross,
And set the seal of power and praise
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
And oh! what found she there?
The brave seed of her scattering
In fruitage everywhere;
And where her strong and tender heart
Was broken in the flame,
She found the very heart of France
Had flowered to her name.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

The Nation (New York).

TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BRITAIN! you with a heart of flame
One as in days gone by,
You who honour your Nelson's name
How could you hear the word of shame
Nor rise and give it the lie!

Better endure war's worst of ills
The woes of a hundred fights,
Than cower behind your banks and tills
And smug with your money, your mines, your mills,
Forswear a neighbour's rights.

For how could you hope for a wide world's trust
If, traitor by land and sea,
You had let French lilies lie in the dust
Nor challenged for peace the War-Lord's lust
And struck for a Europe free.

Fight and in hope, for battle is banned,
The world shall yet rejoice,
For the peoples rise in wrath, to demand
Henceforth no war shall trouble the land
Except at a people's voice.

H. D. Rawnsley.

From "European War Poems." Originally appeared in *The English Review.*

BY ORDER OF THE PEOPLE.

For what, in the sight of Heaven, do the young soldiers die—
The flower of France and England—think you they know not why?
On the stormy floods of battle like straws their lives are tost,
That the rule of the just free peoples be not forever lost.

And we, who have wrought our freedom, see we no sign, no light?
Shall the reek of carnage blind us to the white star of right?
Where are the souls of our fathers, full-statured men, who saw
That Christ, who died for the people, had left to the world a Law?

This is the law to bind us, when sense and self go wild,—
That the sword be strong for mercy, that the shield be over the child,
That the great eternal standards ride high above the strife,
And the soul of a mighty people be dearer than blood or life.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

Outlook (New York).

RESOLVE.

It cannot be that, having seen the day,
We should endure the tyranny of the night;
For if we have not sinned against the light,
Nor made an idol of the sword, as they,
The powers of darkness set in proud array
Shall not o'ermaster us. The sword shall smite
The abusers of the sword, and all their might
Shall wither, and their glory pass away.

No more shall lawless force be throned as God,
The troubled nations of the earth no more
Shall humbly wait upon a despot's nod,
And when the sacred cause for which they bled
Is surely 'stablished, we will turn and pour
Libations to the uncomplaining dead.

F. E. Maitland.

The Times.

IS WAR THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NO GOOD IN IT?

They say that "War is hell," the "great accursed,"
The sin impossible to be forgiven;
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span,
Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of Man,
Victorious over death.

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
The bright and morning star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
Have won a fiery and unequal fray,
No infantry has ever done such deed
Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell,
Have grasped the higher lessons that endure,
The gallant Private learns to practise well
His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
A mighty music solemnly, what time
The oratorio of the cannonade
Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,
The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
The just—recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,
The duty that brings no nation's thanks,
The Ama Nesciri* of some grim and grey
A Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,
The patient strength that is too proud to press,
The duty done for duty, not reward,
The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,
Taking their path of duty high and higher,
What do we deem that they, too, may have learned
For that baptismal fire?

* The heading of a remarkable chapter in the "De Imitatione Christi."

Not that the only end beneath the sun
 Is to make every sea a trading lake,
And all our splendid English history one
 Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week,
 Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's
 crown,
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek,
 Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run—
 Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
Them no reveille and no morning gun
 Shall ever waken more.

And the boy beauty passed from off the face
 Of those who lived, and into it instead
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
 Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the spirit lent,
 And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,
And to them came a great presentiment
 Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many-coloured flames
 At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames
 God's pictures in the skies.

William Alexander,
Late Primate of all Ireland.

Written during the Boer war.

A THANKSGIVING.

Not for our harvest,
 Our fields' increase,
Not for our safety,
 Our vaunted peace,
Our word-clad justice,
 Our light-flung gift,
But for hearts that waken,
 For dreams that lift—
 We praise Thee, O God!

For Belgium's sword
 That faltered never,
For the splendid woe
 Of her lost endeavour;
For the great free peoples
 In grim advance,
For the might of England,
 The light of France—
 We praise Thee, O God!

For Italy's flower
 Of fearless youth;
For Russia's waking
 From dream to truth;
For the flame of Serbia
 That mounts in death,
The fire that fails not
 With blood and breath—
 We praise Thee, O God!

For dull ease broken
By sharpest dole,
For the dart that is driven
Through flesh to soul;
For wrath made sterner
By right's eclipse,
For brave songs breaking
From pain-wrung lips—
We praise Thee, O God!

For faith that is born
From the burning nest,
For the spirit's flight
On its starward quest,
For peace that dwells
At the heart of strife,
For death that scatters
The seed of life—
We praise Thee, O God!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

New York Times.

THE HARVESTING.

This did we know;
That there was life, and an endless loveliness
Scattered the length and breadth of a living world:
All that there lay before and around was holiness
Colouring all, could we look on the canvas unfurled:
This in truth did we know.

Thus did we sow;
Awhile of the life which gave of a boundless store
We chose what seemed were the easiest creeds to hold;
We looked for the cheapest things of life to adore
And then? Could we blame the world that our hearts were cold?
Thus as fools did we sow.

Now we have reaped;
Like souls in torment, learning of good from others,
We with our vision cleared in the purge of strife,
Have been taught in our pains the only truths from our brothers;
Now we have learned, and compassed the meaning of Life,
Now when in pain we have reaped.

W. Fothergill Robinson.

By permission of *The Poetry Review*, London.

INDIA TO ENGLAND.

Is there aught you need that my hands withhold,
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?
Lo! I have flung to the East and West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves;
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands;
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance,
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep,
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?
Or the pride that thrills through my heart's despair,
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?
And the far, sad glorious vision I see
Of the torn red banners of Victory?

When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones,
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!

Sarogini Naidu.

The Times.

THE HEART OF CANADA.

July, 1912.

Because her heart is all too proud—
Canada! Canada! fair young Canada—
To breathe the might of her love aloud,
Be quick, O Motherland!
Because her soul is wholly free,
Canada kneels—thy daughter, Canada—
England, look in her eyes and see,
Honour and understand.

Because her pride at thy masthead shrines,
Canada! Canada!—queenly Canada—
Bows with all her breathing pines,
All her fragrant firs.
Because our isle is little and old,
Canada! Canada!—young-eyed Canada—
Gives thee, Mother, her hands to hold,
And makes thy glory hers.

Because thy Fleet is hers for aye,
Canada! Canada!—clear-souled Canada—
Ere the war-cloud roll this way,
Bids the world beware.
Her heart, her soul, her sword are thine,
Thine the guns—the guns of Canada!—
The ships are foaming into line,
And Canada will be there.

Alfred Noyes.

By special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

WHO SLEEPS?

Midnight and England; in the curtained room
Shadow upon grey shadow creeps,
Till black, all-conquering, dominates the gloom,
And darkness cries—who sleeps?

Who sleeps—the bride? She girt him for the fight,
Gay when her happy warrior went,
Now empty arms she stretches to the night
With passionate lament.

Who sleeps—the old man? Up the wind-swept street
He heard a brown battalion come,
And all night long his weary worn old feet
Keep measure with the drum.

Who sleeps—the mother? Immemorial throes
Torture her heart and laboured breath;
This hour, it may be, her belovèd goes
Undaunted into death.

Who sleeps—the barren woman, for her breast
Passion, nor pain, nor rapture stirs?
She wakes and watches for the first and best,
A thousand sons are hers.

On desolated far-off battle fields, who sleep?
We know not, but through summers green
We know their rigid hands that hold, will keep
The flag of England clean.

Who sleeps? Faint and forsworn, no sentinel
Between the trenches' snarling lips;
Not one on guard where moonlight waters swell
Under the battleships.

They sleep not for whom furnace smoke-clouds roll,
Nor they who forge for England's care,
Armour laid on the anvil of her soul
And hammered out with prayer.

Who sleeps—your God on His eternal hill,
And Zion falls, and Rachel weeps?
Captain of hosts and our salvation still,
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

Eleanor Alexander.

The Times.

EPILOGUE.

Intercession.

Now the muttering gun-fire dies,
Now the night has cloaked the slain,
Now the stars patrol the skies,
Hear our sleepless prayer again!
They who work their country's will,
Fight and die for Britain still,
Soldiers, but not haters, know
Thou must pity friend and foe.
Therefore hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Thou whose wounded hands do reach
 Over every land and sea,
Thoughts too deep for human speech
 Rise from all our souls to Thee;
Deeper than the wrath that burns
Round our hosts when day returns;
Deeper than the peace that fills
All these trenched and waiting hills.
 Hear, O hear!
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Pity deeper than the grave
 Sees, beyond the death we wield,
Faces of the young and brave
 Hurled against us in the field.
Cannon-fodder! They *must* come,
We must slay them, and be dumb,
Slaughter, while we pity, these
Most implacable enemies.
 Master, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

They are blind, as we are blind,
 Urged by duties past reply.
Ours is but the task assigned;
 Theirs to strike us ere they die.
Who can see his country fall?
Who but answers at her call?
Who has power to pause and think
When she reels upon the brink?
 Hear, O hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Shield them from that bitterest lie,
 Laughed by fools who quote their mirth,
When the wings of death go by,
 And their brother shrieks on earth.
Though they clamp their hearts with steel,
Conquering *every* fear they feel,
There are dreams they dare not tell.
Shield, O! shield their eyes from hell.
 Father, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Where the naked bodies burn,
 Where the wounded toss at home,
Weep and bleed and laugh in turn,
 Yes, the masking jest may come.
Let him jest who daily dies,
But O! hide his haunted eyes.
Pain alone he might control.
Shield, O! shield, his wounded soul.
 Master, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Peace? We steel us to the end.
 Hope betrayed us, long ago.
Duty binds both foe and friend.
 It is ours to break the foe.
Then, O God! that we might break
This red Moloch for Thy sake;
Know that Truth indeed prevails,
And that Justice holds the scales.
 Father, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

England, could this awful hour,
 Dawning on thy long renown,
Mark the purpose of thy power,
 Crown thee with that mightier crown!
Broadening to that purpose climb
All the blood-red wars of Time . . .
Set the struggling peoples free,
Crown with Law their Liberty!
 England, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Speed, O! speed, what every age
 Writes with a prophetic hand.
Read the midnight's moving page,
 Read the stars and understand:
Out of Chaos ye shall draw
Deepening harmonies of Law
Till around the Eternal Sun
All your peoples move in one.
 Christ-God, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Alfred Noyes.

From "A Belgian Christmas Eve." By special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

ONWARD.

O Canada, the blood of all thy sons
Cries out, to-day, from fair and glorious deeds;
And spirit legions of Immortal Ones,
Who died to serve their country and its needs—
Pledge thee, anew, by their white Honour Roll,
To loftier issues, born of sacrifice;
Bidding thee keep, unstained, that nobler soul,
Which they have ransomed with so great a price.

A. Beatrice Hickson.

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